New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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AMERICAN LITERATURE NUMBER

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The Hooligans of Notting Hill

THE obvious trouble-makers in Notting Hill are the young thugs who have poured into the area carrying flick-knives, bicycle chains and petrol-bombs, turning these seedy streets into a hooligan's paradise. But behind them are more sinister figures – the racialist agitators who are trying to make political capital out of these troubles. The headlines are given to the rioters, and most people do not know that *Action*, the Fascist broadsheet, is being hawked in the streets, that provocative leaflets are being distributed, and that some of Mosley's lieutenants are at work.

This, then, is not essentially or even primarily an issue of racial tension. Indeed the pattern of Nottingham indicates that mob violence may break out even when coloured immigrants remain indoors. The sombre curve of crimes of violence in this country – to which the Metropolitan Police Commissioner's report draws urgent attention – the spectacular success of recent horror-films, of a degraded viciousness hitherto unknown, and the frightening increase in the habit of carrying deadly weapons all testify to the existence of a latent reservoir of violence for which race hatred merely provides an outlet.

Mr Macmillan and Mr Butler properly distinguish between long-term and short-term aspects of the problem. But in raising publicly the question of immigration control they are pandering to the demands of the panic-stricken. If a quota were imposed, its effects would not be felt for some time. There are less than 200,000 coloured immigrants in Britain; the number arriving has fallen sharply over the past two years, and most of the new arrivals are now women and children. Such trends will in time remove any genuine causes of race tension; and, indeed, these have never been formidable. There is no evidence that coloured immigrants have a disproportionate tendency to crimes of violence and brothel-keeping – an allegation frequently made to justify white hostility. Social workers and police agree that very few of them carry weapons, and that the vast majority are pitifully anxious to avoid trouble. In short, coloured people are attacked merely because they are a small, defenceless and easily identifiable minority, and as such form an obvious target for gangs of youths bent on violence.

Mr Butler, then, need not look far for short-term remedies. Police and magistrates must sternly demonstrate that the resources of civilisation are adequate to deal with these motiveless attempts to upset public order. This is one of those rare instances where exemplary fines and sentences can act as an effective deterrent. Youths who regard colour-baiting as a new and cheap form of entertainment should be made to realise that they indulge in it at their peril. Those who consciously encourage and exploit such behaviour must be treated even more severely. We have cited evidence that the British Fascists are at work in the Notting Hill districts. Such activities will undoubtedly spread to other danger areas unless these political hooligans are quickly taught that encitement to riot is a serious offence.

The authorities, however, can do little more than prevent the problem from getting out of hand. Ultimately its solution depends on the individual sense of responsibility of those able to influence opinion in the affected areas. Local MPs should get down to practical field work instead of clamouring for retrograde legislation. Trade union leaders – as Mr Driberg skilfully hinted to this week's Congress – have an important role to play. So too have ministers of religion, particularly Roman Catholic priests in districts where Irish immigrants form a potential or actual anti-coloured force. Above all the press and television must take care to avoid sensationalism when dealing with colour questions. Newspapers despite their generally admirable editorial attitudes, have undoubtedly aggravated tension by emotional reporting of racial clashes: they should give more coverage to the far more numerous instances of harmony. Indeed, faced with this madness, the sane everywhere must mobilise. Virtually all educated people in this country deplore colour prejudice. It is up to each individual to ensure that the good sense and tolerance of the majority triumph over the atavistic urges of the few.

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Comments on the Week's News

The Blockade of Quemoy

The situation in the Quemoy islands is still extremely grave. The volume of Communist shelling has, during the course of this week, slightly lessened; but it is still heavy and it is being directed with sufficient accuracy to make the supply of the island by either sea of air, if not yet impossible, at least extremely hazardous. Moreover, both the Chinese and the United States have progressively committed themselves during the course of the last week to positions from which a climb-down becomes more and more difficult. Several minor naval clashes off the islands during the last few days suggest that Chiang Kai-shek has been using some of his smaller craft to test out the accuracy and speed of the Communist powers of interception – and that the interception has been pretty effective. So far there is no indication that the Seventh Fleet has intervened in these clashes, but it is now concentrated in strength in the Formosa area. The present situation suggests that the Chinese are able to enforce an effective blockade of Quemoy at the same time as making life almost insupportable by shell-fire for the garrison. What next? Unless the Chinese call the offensive off – and there is no sign whatever that they intend to do so – Chiang's forces must either be evacuated or else they will be obliged to launch offensive operations against the Chinese positions on the mainland. It is very much to be hoped that Mr Dulles, after his emergency conference with the President, will 'advise' his puppet to take the former course – and that if he does the Chinese will have the sense to allow the evacuation to take place peacefully and not go out of their way to provoke the Seventh Fleet into the extremely risky course of providing the air cover for the operation.

Icelandic Impasse

The British government is in danger of making fools of us all in Iceland. It is all very well to laugh at the Ruritanian style of naval warfare which is developing inside the 12-mile limit; but, as the Icelandic Minister of Fisheries has said, Britain cannot afford indefinitely to fish in convoy under naval protection – and the Icelanders can afford to go on policing the 12-mile limit for as long as it suits them. Moreover, whatever the complexities of the strictly legal position, Britain's reputation will not be enhanced when Iceland complains to the UN about some idiotic, and probably accidental, act of violence which leads to the loss of life. Of course, the three-mile limit is desirable for Britain, and of course the Icelanders have been brash and perhaps *ultra vires* in denouncing it; but essentially it is an arrangement of convenience – British convenience – and not an issue of moral principle. When the British navy ruled the high seas, maritime law tended to establish itself in the interests of the chief maritime power. That situation no longer exists. Moreover, the US is not particularly interested in Icelandic waters and the Soviet Union has already long ago declared a 12-mile limit – which obviously we are powerless to challenge. The root of the trouble is not the academic question of maritime law, but the strictly practical problems of the over-fishing by British trawler companies of waters on which the Icelanders depend for their basic livelihood. A compromise agreement which would distinguish between fishing rights and the formal sovereignty of the disputed area might be the best way out of the present impasse. It is obstructed largely by the commercial interests of the British trawler companies, who find the Icelandic waters more profitable, and less financially risky, than the re-equipment which would be necessary for more distant ocean fishing.

Test-control Hurdles

The scientists have shown that a controlled nuclear test agreement is feasible. At this point the diplomats take over and trouble starts. As the Geneva conference report shows, Soviet and western scientists disagreed on a number of points, but in each case were able to reach a satisfactory compromise. Are the diplomats likely to prove so reasonable? The coming talks bristle with difficulties. Eight of the control-posts will have to be placed in China. Will the Communist regime there permit inspection by an organisation which does not yet acknowledge its existence? And if not, will the US refuse to go on with the negotiations? Secondly, there seem to be rival conceptions about the shape of the talks. In his *Pravda* interview, Mr Krushchev hinted that if the talks did not succeed within two or three weeks, then Russia would break them off and resume testing. By contrast, the British and US notes imply that it will take a long time – possibly more than a year – to work out the details of the control organisation and set it up. Presumably, this gap can be bridged by opening the conference with fairly high-level talks to lay down the principles of the system, and then handing over to technical committees. There is, however, a further misunderstanding about what the talks are ultimately designed to achieve. The US note – unlike the British – states that testing will be resumed if the control system is not established within a year and if progress has not been made in the direction of 'genuine disarmament' (meaning, no doubt, control of the manufacture of fissionable material). Does this mean that the US is reverting once more to her refusal to conclude a separate agreement on tests? If so, the talks will certainly founder. True, test-control is not real disarmament. But to set up a workable, UN-manned control system, operating within the territories of the two blocs, would be an immense step forward, and would be bound to lead to a growth of mutual confidence which would eventually allow more adventurous experiments.

The Cannon Case

The Communist group which controls the Electrical Trades Union has prevented Mr Leslie Cannon, its chief critic, from going to the TUC as an elected delegate. In our issue of 9 August we stated in advance that it would attempt to do this and – a much more serious matter – that it would also find a technical reason to stop him running for office during the next five years. When we wrote, the decision to secure Mr Cannon's suspension had already been taken, not by the union committees concerned but by a small group of Communists meeting in private who were sure of a CP majority on those committees. This is the crux of the matter but it was impossible for Mr Walter Padley to raise it when he challenged the substitution of another delegate for Mr Cannon at the opening session

of the TUC. The ETU leaders were able to insist that the composition of their union delegation was their affair, and that the General Council had no jurisdiction. Mr Padley was therefore ruled out of order – perhaps to the relief of some other union leaders, who fear that any investigation of union elections (or of secret caucuses within the unions) might set an uncomfortable precedent. The Communists are not the only organised fraction which has been up to jiggery-pokery, even though the ETU affair is a flagrant scandal. The matter cannot be allowed to rest there. If the General Council is unwilling to inquire into the Cannon case – and it has the power to do so under Rule 13 – then it may be necessary for Mr Cannon to seek redress elsewhere. The steps already taken by the ETU leaders effectively deprive him of any opportunity to challenge them within the union, and it is farcical for them to point out that he has the right of appeal to superior union committees which they control.

New Outbreak in Cyprus

Sir Hugh Foot is visiting London this week-end as a desperate man. Not only has the acceptance of his plan by the Turks and its rejection by the Greeks emphasised British partiality for the Turkish minority, but the new outbreaks of violence may well destroy the last remnants of his authority. This violence is military rather than political, caused by the continuation of the activity of the security forces during the Eoka truce. It may be asking a lot of the British military authorities to suspend their operations at the whim of Eoka; but unless they are prepared to do so, the last chance of any political solution may be destroyed for the foreseeable future. So long as the security forces continue military operations to hunt down their opponents, violent reactions are inevitable; and each one of these is bound to raise the political temperature. The Governor himself, who clearly is no longer fully in control of military policy, must be fearful that a continuation of General Kendrew's tactics will soon lead to another general outburst of violence, which would then combine the political as well as the military objectives of Greek Cypriot nationalism.

Dangers in Singapore

The situation in Singapore since the recent Kallang by-election has rapidly deteriorated. This is evident rather from moves behind the scenes than from anything which has appeared publicly. When Chief Minister Lim Yew Hock returned in May from the constitutional talks in London, he had firmly denied to his British friends any intention of flirting with the Conservatives, who call themselves Liberal Socialists. He even let it be known that he did not rule out the possibility of some kind of pact with Lee Kuan Yew and the Peoples' Action Party. In spite of this, Mr Lim soon called for 'a united Socialist front', which would line up his Labour Front party with the right wing against the extreme left. The Kallang by-election was to be the test of this new alliance, but, in spite of vast expenditure and the use of dangerous secret society forces, the Labour Front candidate, who stood in the election with Liberal Socialist support, was roundly defeated by the PAP. The tragic crux of this policy is that an ever-widening gulf is now being forced into the heart of the Singapore community. The PAP has been steadily ridding itself of its intransigent Communists. Now all those who are opposed to the right-wing line-up, including the Communists, will be forced into one camp, whilst those with property will be in the other. This will leave genuine democratic Socialists homeless, and inevitably encourage strife, corruption and trouble-making amongst the gangs who lurk so near the surface of Singapore society. The efforts of the last two years to clean up public life will have been in vain, and an all-out war provoked between left-wing forces and the right wing, which, having swallowed its Labour Front Jonah, will unscrupulously use the respectable reputation of Lim Yew Hock and his colleagues as a cover for the thuggery and bribery on which alone i can depend for power. It may not be too late fc Lim Yew Hock to think again before he plunge his people into such a disaster, which can benef only the Communists and gangsters. The election of next year will provide the watershed of Singa pore's future on which a great deal of the destin of all South-East Asians depends. Nothing les than a genuine understanding between Lim Yev Hock and Lee Kuan Yew, together with those c their colleagues who genuinely believe in th democratic road to Socialism, can prevent com plete disaster in Singapore.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Hopefuls

Now that the 85th Congress has gone home, most of its members can devote themselves to the more entertaining aspect of their calling, which is running for re-election. The session just ended enhanced Democratic prospects, already bright, for a party triumph in November, having made it clearer than ever that leadership in Washington has passed from the White House to the Capitol, where it is firmly in the hands of Democrats. It was Congress, rather than the President, that took the initiative in pushing a space programme, re-examining our mercurial foreign policy, attempting to bolster the slipping economy, and getting Alaska into the Union.

What gives importance to this year's elections is not so much the composition of the next Congress as the effect they can have on the fortunes of several Presidential hopefuls. On this score interest focuses chiefly on New York, California and Massachusetts, where the futures of Nixon, Knowland, Harriman, Rockefeller, and Kennedy can be seriously affected, if not decided, by the results.

To take these contests in increasing order of significance, Kennedy is the only one who can count on almost certain victory. Unless the boyish, photogenic, and highly ambitious Mr Kennedy commits the campaign gaffe of the century, he can hardly be ousted from the Senate by the obscure sacrificial lamb the Republicans have sent in to oppose him – but in this case mere victory is not nearly enough. Kennedy, who has been running hard for the presidency ever since he unexpectedly came within a hair of the vice-presidential nomination two years ago, is out to demonstrate his prowess as a vote-winner. His aides are saying that a vote for Kennedy in 1958 is a vote for Kennedy in 1960, and in the circumstances he must win by an overwhelming landslide to retain his charm for the next nominating convention.

Having endorsed Knowland for Governor of California, Nixon has a big stake in the outcome of that particular election. If Knowland is unsuccessful, Nixon's own state would be in the position of sending a politically defeated and probably quarrelling delegation to the next Republican convention, a severe handicap for any candidate and one that would make Nixon's nomination for the presidency far less of a certainty. Should the Vice-President suffer such a setback – and it is more than possible – the results of the election in New York could be doubly significant. Governor Averell Harriman is still the gambling favourite to win re-election but, like Kennedy, he must win by an impressive margin if he is to have a chance for th presidential nomination, for which, again lik Kennedy, he pants. Against him the Republican have shrewdly pitted Nelson Rockefeller, an other millionaire with a sense of *noblesse oblige* every bit as energetic – 18 years younger thar Harriman, he has been described as 'a Republi can with the glandular system of Eleano Roosevelt,' and he has an excellent record in ad ministrative posts under Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower. Should Rockefeller win or ever come close to winning this battle between th benevolent descendants of the Robber Barons the Republicans might well find him preferable to a Nixon scarred by defeat in his home state On the other hand, reverses for Harriman an Kennedy might well turn the thoughts of Demo cratic delegates to a quiet gentleman from Illinois named Adlai Stevenson.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Towards a 'Final Solution'?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Vel d'Hiv – Paris's White City – is chiefly famous for its annual cycle race, a non-stop marathon lasting six days and nights which obsesses the French in midwinter almost as much as the Tour de France in midsummer. The Vel d'Hiv, however, also has a more tragic association: it was there, in 1943, that the Nazis concentrated the Jewish population of Paris before deporting them to the death camps. Last week, for the first time since the Occupation, the Vel d'Hiv was again used by the police. Some 3,000 Algerians, arrested immediately after the wave of terrorism, were brought there for screening. The fact that the authorities were prepared to evoke such memories is a fair indication of their panic. Moreover, despite a menacing communiqué from the Ministry of the Interior and widespread repressive measures, acts of sabotage continued more or less everywhere.

There is little the police can do to cope with these concerted offensives, waged as they are by desperate men, who are well-armed and who have shown themselves willing to sacrifice their lives The authorities find it virtually impossible to get inside information from within the Arab community, and they do not have the means to place armed guards on all potential targets. There is, of course, a more radical 'solution': to deport every male Algerian, from 15 to 50. It is significant that the experts of the Ministry of the Interior have already begun to study such a scheme. But there are two big objections. First, although most of the Algerian workers are unqualified, French industry cannot at the moment carry on without

them, and to replace them by foreign labour – Italian or Spanish – would take at least six months. Secondly, world opinion would not easily stomach the imprisonment of literally hundreds of thousands of innocent Arabs in concentration camps (if they were simply dumped in Algeria, they would immediately join the *maquis*), and the FLN would be provided with a first-rate argument for persuading Washington to cut off the dollar aid on which the war depends.

The problem of metropolitan terrorism is now so serious that the government might have been expected to be devoting all its attention to it. In fact, however, it has been preoccupied for the past week with quite another item. Of all the anti-Gaullist articles written last May, the General and his friends were most infuriated by one by Jean-Paul Sartre, which concluded: 'The victory of de Gaulle is the victory of the motor-cyclists of the Champs-Elysées over the pedestrians of the Republic'. It was in order to refute this telling charge that Malraux, at his first press conference, pleaded: 'We are not the enemies of the people, and in any case General de Gaulle and I will shortly go to one of our historic squares to explain this to the workers'. From this, everyone assumed that de Gaulle would hold a mass-meeting in the Place de la République; and 18 June was believed to be the most likely date. On 18 June, however, de Gaulle stuck to the 'safe' bourgeois quarter of the Champs-Elysées. After repeated postponements, this Thursday – the 88th anniversary of the proclamation of the Third Republic – was chosen as a convenient occasion to fulfil Malraux's promise. In front of the statue of Marianne, decorated with the Cross of Lorraine and an enormous V-sign of the triumph of the Fifth Republic, it was arranged that the General should distribute medals to a hundred workers and make a big speech about the new constitution. Everything would have been perfect if the Communists, the Resistance to Fascism movement and other opposition groups had not decided to ask their supporters to attend also. How could the government prevent the opposition from filling the square and stopping the General from making himself heard? How could the police distinguish between those who would come to cheer and those who would come to hiss? The government and its experts have this week been seeking the answers.

Rome

Mattei's Road

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: The President of ENI, the Italian petroleum company, recently signed an agreement with Morocco for the extraction of petrol at Tarfaya, which until a few months ago was under Spanish dominion on the south Moroccan border. The agreement is similar to those already concluded between ENI and Persia and Egypt. The 'host country', in addition to receiving the traditional 50-50 in royalties, is also an active shareholder, obtaining 50 per cent. of the profits.

In the opinion of Signor Mattei, this type of agreement can solve the problem of relations between western Europe and the Arab countries. Both the Moroccan and the Italian press have emphasised that the days of 50-50 are over, and that, if further nationalisations are to be avoided, the Anglo-American companies must follow the road which has now been opened up by Mattei.

The actual agreement leases to AGIP (ENI) a research zone of 30,000 square kilometres, much of which is on the Atlantic coast, and also of a considerable offshore area where underwater petroleum deposits will be sought. A refinery is to be built, capable of dealing with 1,200,000 tons per annum. The agreement includes the formation of a mixed Italo-Moroccan company (Société Maroco-Italienne des Petroles). The Moroccan company will be state-controlled. Research will be entirely at the expense of ENI. In the first four-year research period, a minimum sum of $4.5 million is to be invested. Once a commercially exploitable deposit has been found, the Italian and the Moroccan companies will share the expenses of development and exploitation. AGIP assumes the technical command of the operation.

ENI spokesmen point out that the importance of the agreement is not only in the extra 10-15 per cent. offered to Morocco, but in the new spirit of the agreement, which also covers training, both technical and administrative, of young Moroccans, and their gradual appointment to posts of responsibility. It is to this side of the agreement that Mattei gives most emphasis. 'When the first agreement was reached by ENI,' he stated, 'on a basis of complete equality, both as regards capital and profits, some said this would prove fatal to the Italian State Petroleum Company. This hasty judgment has been twice proved wrong in recent months: two private companies, the Panamerican (Standard Oil) and the Canadian Sapphire Petroleums have stipulated almost identical agreements with the NIOC of Persia. Standard Oil also tried to get hold of the Moroccan concession at Tarfaya, but did not succeed.'

Signor Mattei also had serious words of warning about the Middle East. If there was war there and the pipelines were cut, he said, Europe would once again be faced with the desperate task of replacing the 100 million tons of crude oil which

'It came to pieces in my hand . . .'

are today furnished by the Middle East. Mattei does not believe, moreover, in the possibility of limiting the conflict to any one Arab country. This had been possible at the time of Abadan and Suez, but it was no longer so. The consequences of a war in the Middle East would thus be very far-reaching for western economy. Italian drivers, he points out, were still today paying a heavy surcharge on petrol because of a limited conflict that took place 20 months ago, and which lasted only seven days.

Fleet Street

The Race-riots

On the race-riots, it seems to me that most, although not all, of the much-criticised popular press has done a better job of telling the public the facts and their significance than some of the 'serious' papers – the *Manchester Guardian* and *Observer* honourably excepted. In the whole of its lavishly packed 26 pages the *Sunday Times*, for example, could not find space last Sunday even to mention the Nottingham riots, still less comment on them. The *Observer*, however, with six less pages, found space for both a leading article and an excellent on-the-spot report on what had led up to the Nottingham riots.

By Monday morning all the popular mornings were giving most of their front pages to the events in Notting Hill – although only two of them, the *Herald* and the *Express*, at that stage carried leading articles. Nor could anyone reading most of these full and detailed reports be in any real doubt as to which side the responsibility lay. 'A Negro-baiting mob of 5,000 stormed through London streets last night shouting for lynchings and blood', reported the *Herald*. The *Chronicle* reported that 'gangs of white people roam the streets. "We are out to get those Niggers" boasted a Teddy Boy'. The *Mail*, that 'Tension flared into violence as 100 white youths armed with sticks, iron bars and knives marched up Bramley Road shouting: "Let's get the Niggers" '. The *Telegraph* curiously opened its story with the sentence, 'A white man was slashed across the neck and police cars were hit by bricks thrown by angry crowds in racial disorders in Notting Hill last night'; and its main headlines were 'Twelve arrests in Notting Hill Race Fights: White Man Slashed: Families Flee Homes'. You have to get further down into the report to find that the trouble had been started by whites. Readers of *The Times* did not even have this advantage. From its report – only a shade over a third of a column in all – it was impossible, so evenly balanced were the references to white and coloured, for the reader to judge where responsibility lay.

By Tuesday *The Times* had extended its report to half a column – although it still refrained from taking cognisance of the situation in its leader columns, sharing this editorial silence with the *Mirror* and the *Daily Mail*. But it was still difficult to discover from its report where the responsibility for the fresh outbreak of violence lay. And again one had to read the *Telegraph* report carefully before finding that 'Trouble started when a gang of white youths began demonstrating outside a house occupied by coloured people'. However the *Telegraph* leader writer was clearer in his mind: 'To panic because a few Teddy-Boy thugs pick on coloured men to vent their violence – if it were not coloured men it would be some other target – would be pitifully short sighted'.

The Times and the *Telegraph* ignored the part played by Mosley's British Union. For this, one had to read the *Mail*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian*. The *Mail* reported: 'Before last night's riots began members of Sir Oswald Mosley's Union (Fascist) Movement were busy in the area. 2,000 people listened to a rabble rousing speech by the movement's secretary, Jeffrey Hamm, outside Latimer Road Underground station.' The *Guardian* also reported that the British Caribbean Welfare Service believe that 'the gangs of youths have been deliberately incited to cause trouble'. All of which suggests that the stronger the beam of publicity the press can direct on what is going on in Nottingham and Notting Hill and on what the British Caribbean Welfare Service describes as 'the more sinister angle to the development', the better it will be for our national health.

By Wednesday the main headline for most of the newspapers was the cheering news that, to quote the *Express:* 'Police Crack Down on Race Troubles'. However, the *Telegraph*, in line with its previous news attitude, picked out for one of its main headlines 'Coloured Men Throw Bottles' – the only paper to do so. At last, too, *The Times* broke its editorial silence, as did also the *Mirror* and the *Mail* – and for once I am bound to say I think the *Mirror* could have learnt from *The Times*. *The Times* not only condemned Teddy-boy hooliganism but drew sharp attention to the fact that 'among other influences on the immature and excitable the persistent agitation of "Fascist" elements to keep Britain white is not to be ignored'. The outbreaks it concluded will have served a useful purpose if they 'oblige the public to understand that the Storm Troop mentality exists in Britain too.... It must be kept submerged by the contempt of the civilised majority and by strict enforcement of order. The *Mirror* – 'We are probably more guilty than any other British newspaper in assuming that it couldn't happen here' – was too busy wearing its hair-shirt for such clear sightedness. It condemned hooliganism, of course, but not a word of the Fascist groups behind all this appeared in its front page-back page leader. Instead, like Mr Maurice Edelman and a couple of other Labour MPs (Mr Rogers of Kensington North and Mr Harrison of Nottingham) it took a line which sounded unpleasantly close to the policy the Union Movement has been loudly advocating in its mass meetings in the trouble areas – a ban on immigration from the Commonwealth unless those coming can show they have jobs and homes to come to. The *Mail* also took a look at this and supported it with reservations. With such powerful advocates for the case they have been putting, the Fascist hooligans can afford to shrug off the moral reproofs that go with them.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The New Cominform

THE new Cominform is in business, and its business is the publication of a new journal from which Communists all over the world will take their cue. From an editorial office in Prague, the 'representatives of certain Communist Parties' have launched the monthly, *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, which will appear in 16 languages and be known in English as *World Marxist Review*. It is intended to be 'an international tribune for the exchange of opinions and experience between fraternal parties'. Though the turgid style of this journal will repel all but the keenest members of the 'fraternal parties' – and those who must comment on their aims and activities – the decision to create the *Review* is an important political event.

It is important because newspapers and magazines play a symbolic role in the Communist movement. Much attention is paid in Communist training schools to Lenin's dictum that a newspaper is a 'fighting organ', and to the complicated history of the Communist press from *Iskra* onwards. Matters which a non-Communist may not take too seriously – the title of a newspaper, for instance – become a question of high policy in the Communist movement, and even the cause of bitter doctrinal disputes. For the Leninist endows the party press with a special function: it has to preserve orthodoxy even at the cost of losing friends and ceasing to influence people. That is why the course of world Communism is marked by so many journals that have flourished to serve a particular need, and have been dropped when the situation demanded something different. For many years, the Comintern used the *Communist International* and *International Press Correspondence* as a means of maintaining contact with the active members of 'fraternal parties'. Then the Comintern was dissolved: the party militant had to read *War and the Working Class* to get the Moscow line. This monthly was converted into *New Times* at the end of the war, but it ceased to be important. With the creation of the Cominform, the Stalinist position was officially defined each week in *For a Lasting Peace, For a People's Democracy* – a title which reflects the desire for ideological rectitude rather than popular appeal.

In a new situation, a new journal is needed: the *Review* is the result. And in its first editorial both the situation and the purpose of the *Review* are defined in terms which reveal the present preoccupations of the Soviet and Chinese leadership. The formal excuse for a new publication is that 'Marxist-Leninist thought' is 'confronted with new problems' and that 'the further elaboration of Marxist-Leninist theory' is to be 'its main task'. It is true that 20 years of Stalinism reduced Communist theory to a crude dogma, and that by the time of Stalin's death it had degenerated into mere myth-making. But the kind of 'theory' presented in this new review reads uncomfortably like the jargon-ridden directives that were stuffed into the *Communist International*.

It rests upon two main propositions. First, that 'the development of international Socialism is entering upon a new stage, marked by the completion of the building of Socialism in a number of countries', and that the 'contradictions of imperialism' are sharpening to the point where the 'present balance of forces on the world arena' is shifting 'in favour of the people who are defending the cause of peace, democracy and national independence'. To those familiar with the evolution of Communism, this sounds very like the formulations of the 'Third Period', when Stalin was launching the Five-Year Plan, and when the Comintern believed that the collapse of capitalism

NEXT WEEK

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
Pursuit of Happiness (International) Inc.

EDMUND WILSON
More Words of Ill-Omen

was imminent. That period, which preceded the Popular Front, saw a world offensive against 'the imperialists and their social-fascist lackeys'. Indeed, the parallel is made more apt by the second proposition. The *Review* intends to attack 'the bourgeois ideologists and their revisionist henchmen', because revisionism (the *Review's* own italics) *'is the main danger to the Communist movement in present-day conditions'*. Moreover, despite an appeal for working-class unity (in the Third Period the slogan was 'the united front from below'), the Communists are told that there must be 'principled criticism of the attitude of the right-wing reformist leaders'.

Thus the Communist movement has been brought back to the same dogmatic position that it took during the rigours of Soviet industrialisation. But though the 'theory' is much the same, the outlook is vastly different – as Antonin Novotny, the Czech Communist leader, explains. The Communist camp, he says, is already stronger than 'the forces of the moribund capitalist world', and because it is so strong 'wars are no longer a fatal inevitability'. There may be military clashes, which are 'engendered by the very essence of the capitalist system', but the 'victory of Socialism is the result of a natural historical process' by which 'one country after another drops out of the world capitalist system'. Consequently, Novotny claims, 'Socialism does not need war for it can triumph in the course of peaceful competition'. What, one then asks, of co-existence? Simply this. While the historical process is going on, states with different social systems will have to live side by side, while Communist diplomacy and the world Communist movement 'struggle against everyone who is preparing war'.

Here is the blueprint for the years that lie ahead – the 'Fourth Period'. It will be a difficult period for all of us, not least because there is more Leninist mythology than Marxist theory in this view of the world. And the most dangerous myth is the fantastic concept that an atomic war would 'bring mankind to the conclusion that the capitalist system and the criminal imperialist governments must be razed from the face of the earth'. Our problem is how to prevent that myth being put to the test. If we can do that, we may survive long enough to see a Chinese equivalent of the 20th Congress, at which some successor to Mao will rise to denounce it as an 'error' or 'mistake'.

The Peaceful Uses

LIKE the nuclear particles in their own fusion-energy experiments, British scientists this week have not known whether they are coming or going. Some eminent physicists have had to be in two places at once – at Glasgow for the British Association and at Geneva for the United Nations' Second International Scientific Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. At both, the main question was thermo-nuclear fusion – how to tame the energy which was released with cataclysmic violence in the form of the H-bomb and harness it for industrial purposes.

While Mr Hammarskjold was opening the Geneva conference, Dr T. E. Allibone, FRS, one of the British experts at that conference, was delivering his presidential address to the physics section of the British Association in Glasgow. There he was explaining rather wryly that the British thermo-nuclear devices, Zeta, at Harwell, and Sceptre, for which his team at Aldermaston had been responsible, had not come up to expectations. At least, they have not confirmed the optimism felt when they were unveiled to the world in January of this year. Since then, refinements in the techniques of measurements and of analysis have shown that the neutrons which had been 'fairly confidently' (an understatement when we remember the headlines) identified as having resulted from fusion had, conclusively, not so originated. 'Once again,' said Dr Allibone at Glasgow, 'nature appears to have fooled the scientists, this time in a rather more subtle way.'

This discovery, while it does not invalidate the substantial achievements made in other ways through Zeta and Sceptre, has been a great disappointment to the British scientists concerned and, of course, a blow to Britain's claim to be the first to produce thermo-nuclear fusion on an experimental scale. It has made everyone chary of predictions about when H-energy will become practical and (to quote the phrases which resounded round the world at the time of Zeta) 'provide power as abundant as the deuterium in the seven seas'.

Not that this rebuff by nature has quenched the enthusiasm for fusion which is the main emphasis and interest of the Geneva conference. What it has done has been to make the scientists even more cynical about secrecy. The work at Harwell, as in America, was classified and for ten years was hoarded and hidden from scrutiny, so that, when it was revealed, it had the *réclame* of a Dior fashion-show. So there was a rather derisive attitude at Geneva when, on the eve of the conference, the British and Americans solemnly announced that all the work and results of thermo-nuclear fusion (peaceful) were now declassified. And neither Sir John Cockcroft nor Admiral Strauss had an adequate answer to the question why this had not been done three years ago, at the first of these conferences. Then, it will be recalled, Professor Homi J. Bhabha, the Indian scientist who was conference president, put the cat among the security pigeons by his calculated indiscretion in raising the question of fusion and its peaceful applications. At that time British scientists had been working on the principle since 1947, and the Russians and the Americans since 1951. But security had been absolute – and absurd, because the line of approach to controlled fusion had, and has, nothing to do with H-bombs. It derives from a completely different genealogy – from theoretical work done in 1924 – and, what is more, cannot conceivably be perverted to military use. But the habit of secrecy was so ingrained that the pure researches were classified.

Another reason why the announcement of declassification was treated rather cynically was that, next door to the Palais, in which the conference is taking place, are the exhibitions, by governments, of the 'peaceful uses'. In this spectacular shop-window, all the secrets are lavishly displayed. The US section – a superb piece of presentation – has elaborate models (full-scale in most cases) of fusion devices. The cost of the exhibit was $6,000,000 – nearly ten times what Zeta cost the British. The Russians, with display techniques which have moved from 19th to mid-20th century in the three years since the last conference, have provided evidence that they, too, have been advancing, scientifically, since the last occasion. Then we had Kurchatov going over to Harwell and, with disarming naivety disclosing the Russian techniques of fusion and their limitations. A nice touch in the Russian exhibit is the device which Kurchatov was then using to develop the pinch effect (the basis of the Zeta method of fusion) and which, visitors are told, was 'long since discarded'.

In the 'pro-fusion' and 'con-fusion' debates which go on at Geneva, the new factor is the 'Mirror Machines'. These differ from the Zeta principle. In Zeta, the heavy hydrogen particles, forming a 'plasma', are contracted into a beam which travelling round in the 'doughnut' or 'torus' (like a giant motor-tyre) is 'pinched'. That is, self-generated and artificially applied magnetic fields keep the stream of particles (and the fantastic heat) away from the walls of the chamber which could not survive the heat. The particles go around-and-around. In the mirror machines the molecules of heavy hydrogen are violently injected into a chamber and go spiralling along until magnetic forces at the ends of the chamber reflect them and send them spiralling back again – from one magnetic mirror to another.

The surprising thing is that, obviously independently and owing nothing one to the other, the Americans and the Russians have developed those mirror machines. The Oak Ridge DCX (Direct Current Experiment) injects heavy hydrogen molecules into a chamber at 600,000 volts. They pass through a carbon arc (like that used in cinema projectors) and the molecules are broken up into their atomic components and these are mirrored. The Russians are not demonstrating the carbon arc, but they have on show a model of a mirror machine, 20 metres long and three metres in diameter – a tube through which a car could drive. In this the magnetic fields keep reflecting the particles until they get faster and faster and hotter and hotter until (still theoretically) they fuse.

These devices are a long way short of sustaining fusion on an industrial scale. Indeed no one is quite clear yet, apart from the scientific information and experience they may yield, how they would fit into a large-scale operation. The most plausible suggestion is that they might be like the gas-poker that lights a gas-fire. They would engender the necessary heat and energy to trigger off a 'cold gas' (heavy hydrogen) which would then generate the heat needed for fusion and that this would become self-sustaining – like the flame of a gas-fire once lit. The vast difference between a gas-fire and a fusion reaction is that one is chemical and the other is nuclear and the latter is assessed in hundreds of millions of degrees centigrade. The Americans also have on show the Stellarator, shaped like a figure eight, through which accelerated particles go moving endlessly. And there is the 'Perhapsatron', rather similar in principle to Zeta.

In spite of the faltering by the wayside, as a result of the malicious behaviour of the British neutrons, our thermo-nuclear scientists, with their colleagues of all nations now joining in the free-for-all, are genuinely excited by the possibilities. Sir John Cockcroft with the caution of experience may in prophecy defer the practical outcome for 20 years, but it is doubtful whether many of his colleagues see fusion energy so long delayed.

Anyway, millions and millions and millions of pounds are going to be spent in bringing about fusion – just as the thousands of millions have been spent on fission. As Hammarskjold said: 'One wonders what the returns would be if the same effort and manpower were devoted to other scientific fields – biology, for instance. It goes without saying that international collaboration would give a tremendous impetus to the exploration of the resources of nature and their efficient use for the common good.'

RITCHIE CALDER

Geneva

London Diary

No statement of British policy in the Far East could have been so eloquent as the silence of the BBC and the press. If Britain as a member of Seato had favoured instead of being sensibly frightened of the Dulles policy, recent BBC bulletins would have started with horrific accounts of Chinese wickedness and Chinese shelling, builds-up of the Seventh Fleet as a fighting unit, supported by news of minor movements of British troops and men of war. If, on the other hand, Britain had been prepared openly to quarrel with America, the broadcasts and headlines would have reported that Quemoy and Matsu were Chinese and that Washington was foolish in keeping China from the UN and supporting the pretensions of Nationalist (Formosan) China. Instead, this issue, which could so easily touch off a world war, has been treated in most newspapers as a minor local affair in a distant area about which we know little. As for BBC news during the week-end, there were news bulletins in which Quemoy was not mentioned at all or was relegated to a few words after an argument about the position of Manchester United, the weather and the crops. In short, the British press and the BBC treated this issue as one in which we were not involved. This seems to be the first example of a silent British admission that we are no longer a world power pretending to shape events everywhere, but a small country needing a great ally but hoping it would not drag us into its private fight. It would now be very difficult indeed to involve England in a war in the Far East because the public has been induced to see it as a spot of bother which does not concern us as much as Icelandic fish.

* * *

Events of the last few days vividly recall conversations I had in 1955 in Hong Kong and Peking. At that time Chinese and American propaganda about Quemoy, Matsu and Formosa were very much what they are today. The danger of war was a matter of excited discussion amongst the American journalists gathered in Hong Kong. I argued that it was absurd to think of trying to prevent China taking Quemoy and Matsu, which were obviously part of China, and that if Chiang Kai-shek, supported by America, threatened an invasion to restore the old regime in Chungking, it was reasonable to expect China to invade Formosa. With one voice they replied that no concessions must be made to Communist China. It didn't matter whether Quemoy and Matsu were Chinese or not. To allow Peking to make any advance would be 'appeasement'—as bad as 'another Munich'. Talking to officials in Peking, I reversed the argument. Of course, I said, these islands are Chinese and you will take them over sooner or later. But a military challenge is surely folly. 'The Americans are all steamed up about it and you run the risk of a war to get something that is inevitably yours, which can be won diplomatically.' They replied—and again I remember the actual words—that the American capitalists were threatening to support a Kuomintang invasion of China. 'No concession must be made to the aggressor. That would be a Munich'. A few weeks later at the Bandung conference, Chou En-lai changed his propaganda. His resolve to throw out Chiang has never changed. But he decided to proceed peacefully and bide his time.

* * *

Friends who have been in Brussels recently complain that nothing effective has been done to check the numerous rackets that have grown up round the exhibition. After the first scandals about overcharging, the Belgian authorities claimed to have cleared things up. But I doubt it. One friend arrived at the air terminal without a reservation, and looking through the official list of hotels—marked with price ranges—asked the clerk at the information desk to book him a room at one of the better hotels. In a few minutes he was told that this hotel would not accept bookings for less than five nights, but the clerk informed him that he had managed to book him a room with bath at another hotel at the officially approved price. On arriving at the hotel he was told, first that the room was in an annexe and next, that the price was 40 francs above the rate in the list. It was too late to argue. My friend went to the annexe, which proved to be a private house, and discovered that his room was just a bedroom without bath or washbasin. When he was leaving he discovered that the hotel was paying the landlady 150 francs less than he was paying the hotel. I've been told similar stories about taxis, restaurants and bars which make me wonder whether the little racketeers of Brussels—a city not big enough in any case to cope with the crowds that come to a show of this kind—may not be making hay while it rains, and thus driving people away from Belgium in other summers that may be sunnier but turn out to be less profitable.

* * *

I made a howler last week when, in contrasting the belated forthrightness of the Lambeth bishops on the issue of family planning with their previous evasion, I said they were still not backing their brother churchmen in their fight against racialism in South Africa. I was misled, partly by the Archbishop of Canterbury's caution, but mainly by a summarised version of their report, which included their general condemnation of racial discrimination without their explicit condemnation of 'the injustices perpetrated against non-white men and women in South Africa under the policy of apartheid'. I apologise. The general episcopal record on South Africa has not, however, been good. The bishops as a whole waited until 1955 to take an uncompromising stand against apartheid: the Bantu Education Act had then made a direct attack on specific church interests. The last straw was the Act which made it possible for the Minister of Native Affairs (now designate as Prime Minister) actually to stop Africans worshipping together with white men. All this reminds me of the case of a church in the Southern States where coloured people were segregated. The preacher rebuked a Negro member of his congregation for not coming to church. To which the Negro replied that he no longer came because he had asked the Lord for advice and the Lord had said to him that He no longer went to that church either.

* * *

Every journal needs its S. K. Ratcliffe—someone who can be relied upon with happy good temper to write at short notice, with accuracy, clarity and detailed information about almost any topic. S. K. added another remarkable quality. I have never known anyone so meticulous about accurate detail since I was taught Greek by a scholar whose interest in particles was as enthusiastic as mine was indifferent. I have always regretted that I did not send S. K. the manuscript of each of my books before publication; instead of awaiting his inevitable list of errors. I especially admired Ratcliffe's sturdy rationalism. With him humanism was a true religion. I suppose no one has delivered more admirably lucid addresses to ethical societies, or proved in his own life more conclusively that there is no need for revelation to induce people to behave like Christians. This quality made him effective as a moderate, but unshakable, advocate of Indian freedom and it enabled him during many years of popular lecturing in the US to prove to American audiences that the British were not all imperialists and not all incapable of knowing and understanding American problems. Few English people realise how necessary this mission was in America until the British left India. At no public meeting was it possible to speak in the US without being taunted with our behaviour in India. S. K. could without offence explain that Labour would quit India—and that the US was in no position to twit us about the colour question.

* * *

To me there is something shocking and ridiculous about a quarrel between Britain and Iceland. Once upon a time I went there as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent on HMS *Rodney*, which was paying a ceremonial visit for the thousandth anniversary of their parliament. Though that was nearly 30 years ago, and much has happened to both countries since, I still find it difficult to imagine Icelanders having anti-British feelings or the British being really stupid about Iceland. I recall that I and other journalists camped in tents (at the time of the almost midnight sun) in the wide valley where the first democratic parliament had met. Because the King of Denmark and Iceland (as he then was) would be present, we were all instructed to bring 'full regalia' and a top hat—an injunction which I wisely disobeyed. It poured with rain the first night, and when I put my head out of my tent in the morning I saw that my neighbour had unwisely hung his regalia outside his tent. When we went back to Reykjavik I discovered just how close Anglo-Icelandic relations were. I was in the hotel vestibule talking to 'Taffrail', who was representing *The Times*, when I was suddenly interrupted by an excited young Icelander, who said: 'You are English?' I admitted it. 'But', he stammered, 'you split your infinitives'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

If people had to choose I wonder how they would prefer to be regarded: as refined but poor; or common but well off? I would choose to be 'refined'.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (P. D. MacFadden.)

I like the musical sound of 'my lady' when she is addressed by servants. If I were a servant—and there is no mind more petty than the mind that despises the occupation of servant—I should like saying 'my lady'. There is a flourish about it; it makes one think of cloaks laid over puddles for elegant feet to step on.—*Woman's Own*. (Schifra Strizower.)

If banks lend the deposits of their clients, as they always claim to do, then I strongly object to my hard-earned savings being lent to my neighbour so that he can buy a car, while I can only travel by bus.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (V. G. Curtis.)

I was shocked to read of the widow who found her husband's grave robbed. The same thing happened to my husband's grave at Southern Cemetery two years ago.

Why not place a notice on graves with the words 'I am watching you' on it? I am sure this would work on would-be robbers' consciences and make them go away.—Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (Colin Pepworth.)

Trinity

Sing a song of Syngman Rhee.
A Rocket full of Chiang –
The weapon of democracy
Is the Boomerang;
Now the noise of war is back,
The Rhee begins to Syng:
In the democratic pack
The biggest thug is King.

Franco's at confession,
The Portugee's at prayer,
Messiah de Gaulle's obsession
Is *Son et Lumière*;
Dulles is in Washington,
Laying down the law,
An out-size scowl upon
His out-size jaw.

Mac is frozen on the spot
And cursing all the fuss:
The Generalissimo is not
Formosissimus;
The champion democracies
Could underwrite their pals
If Nasser held the China Seas
Or Chinks could block canals.

Sing a song of Syngman Rhee,
Dangerously mad –
Foster-Mother of the Free,
Here's your Galahad . . . .
Sing of their affinity,
Angst and *Sturm* and *Drang*:
What a Holy Trinity,
Dulles, Rhee and Chiang!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

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Who Goes Where?

THOUGH I ought to know better by now, I still find it hard to resist paperbacks that have *Time* in the title or sub-title. That is how I came to have this chunk of science fiction with me in the train, and it was all I had to read. A few chapters put an end to lolling about in this solar system. We did some planet-hopping elsewhere, but long before the final chapter, the solar system having disintegrated by this time, we were out of this galaxy altogether or in some very remote corner of it. All the cities we visited seemed much the same, either underground or existing, rather like railway refreshments, within some sort of transparent dome, because they had to manufacture their own air. Nobody had been out for a walk for thousands of years.

It was one of the dreariest trips I have ever made. Whatever century it was, and no matter which part of the universe we were in, we never ran across any interesting people. There they were, squinting at three suns or five moons, always the same glum and laconic technicians, all morons away from their instrument panels, illuminated dials, Double-Reverse-Boojum-Gravity-Feedback-transformers. Never a poet, a philosopher, a scholar, a wit. Just this gang, so many redundant types from film and TV studios, airports and aircraft factories, spread down the centuries from star to star, blowing worked-out planets to bits, sending imbecile messages from system to system, having nothing to look forward to except two-months-leave in a glassed-in anthill overlooking a sea of acid millions of miles away, or total war with the mysterious Snarks ('Don't even know what they look like but saw a coupla their ships onetime') from Galaxy CK57. If they were all changed to termites, they would hardly notice the difference.

There are rumours in the trade that Science Fiction is on its way out. But before we say goodbye to it here, I should like to put in a word of praise for an American specimen that is different. It is called *Occam's Razor*, and it is refreshingly different because it does not take us on one of these boring tours round the technicians in far outer space; it never leaves the earth, not even the small island base that is its setting, but instead, a nice change, gives us a glimpse of a parallel age, another *here* and *now*, part of somebody else's thin slice of time. There can be a lot of these thin slices, but if you want to know how and why, and how two times could suddenly clash, you must read the book—or ask its publisher, Mr Gollancz, to explain it to you. A further point in its favour is that the ingenious author, Mr David Duncan, is obviously a civilised man; and I warn him that if ever he finds himself in one of the regular Science Fiction stories, two of those far-space half-wits will beat him to death in the luggage hold of the 4.50 to Sirius. No civilised men are wanted in the great age of space. No art, no philosophy, not wit and humour, no passion and tenderness. None of that silly old Earth stuff!

We don't, of course, need the Astronomer Royal (who takes a firm line here) to tell us that space travel on this scale is the wildest fantasy—as well as the dullest. But though this fiction may be nonsense, so far as it is popular with writers (always excepting the deliberate satirists) and readers, it is both revealing and sinister. When I was in my teens and we looked to fiction to satisfy our secret desires, we found ourselves doing something jolly dashing in Ruritania or something even more dashing (though we were never sure about all the details) with an Elinor Glyn character on a tiger skin. An element of escape there, no doubt. But we were not running away from this planet altogether, leaving it in the lurch, only to spread our stupidity and violence as far as they could go. Glum hooliganism travelling at the speed of light was never one of our dreams. Even when we have made every allowance for the travel part of it—representing man's proud delight in this new conquest of space—what remains looks and smells nasty, like a teenage gang in a basement planning to beat up somebody.

Here I shall be told that cheap Science Fiction is not written for me and that all I have to do is to stop reading it. But have I to stop reading newspapers, too? Or turning on the TV news? For we can discover in them now the same minds at work. Now for Space! Hurrah for rockets! If we can't land on the moon, let's hit it with something! How wonderful we are now! Watch me with my airgun, Mummy! Any murmur of protest, any suggestion we might try to sort out our values, bring down on us at once the sharpest rebukes, telling us we are the enemies of genius, science, progress. When I refused to go out of my mind because a Sputnik was in the air, I was denounced by somebody in the Russian press for my 'hatred of science'. I don't hate science and neither do I love it, just as I have neither love nor hate for the Southern Electricity Board's power stations. I admit I am beginning to be suspicious of scientists themselves. I don't like their social irresponsibility, their fanaticism, their *hubris*. I think too many of them, the physicists especially, have spent too much time in a spectral world abstracted from the real one in which we suffer and hope, live and die. Like our politicians, they have been given too much power without being qualified to use it properly. They are too anxious to control life before they have discovered what life is about.

This difference in outlook isn't new. Goethe told Eckermann how dubious he was about the way in which nothing was allowed to reach maturity, in a world of news and headlong progress, with each moment spent in consuming the preceding one, the day wasting the day. Matthew Arnold wondered about the quick train from Islington to Camberwell if it only took people from 'a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell'. A man staying in one place but capable in that place of enjoying deep thought and fine feeling is better off, and represents a higher level of humanity, than a man with a blunted consciousness, taking his condition of anæsthesia with him into outer space at ten thousand miles an hour. The freedom of the solar system would still only give a moron what a moron could take from it. Even a slight heightening of consciousness – and we are now in serious danger of losing the level already attained – might reveal the wonders of a new earth and a new heaven. But we are now in such a hurry to press buttons and get somewhere, we no longer even wonder who we are and what we are doing here.

The world is divided now in the wrong way. It is chiefly divided between two sets of people who glare at and menace each other when in fact all that both of them want is to send up bigger and bigger rockets, build cement works on the moon, and drop H-bombs on the Martian canals. The sooner they combine, perhaps to take a crack at Jupiter, the better. But the world should be divided between all of them and those of us who ask for nothing but leave to contract out of their technology-in-space society. We are no use to them. We object to our money being spent on more and bigger rockets here in a country that

Schweppshire LADS

SIR CAUSTON VINES

"A name to be conjured with..." "A name to be reckoned with..." And if you are not precisely aware of the kind of conjuring or reckoning involved, you just say "Causton Vines".

Sound in the city, sound on Wall Street, sound even in the office of Vines, Vines, Counterwaite and Highover, Sir Causton's knowledge of when and why, so far as the mystique of high finance is concerned, is exceeded only by his perception of how and how much.

His early life seemed to promise a great future. Educated nowhere near the humble cot of a rough farmer, his school reports were always good, especially actually for maths and geom. Top in trig., he was obviously destined for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he majored in economics, got the autograph of Hartley Withers, and read the life of Lord Keynes twice.

The remarkable fact remained, however, that in spite of his tiny job in the City (correct) it remained tiny (wrong). The more he studied international retarded bonds, payments per bend, and the dollar tranche, the less well he did actually financially. Indeed he never even began to get going until he discovered that so far as the Higher Money is concerned, instinct is the only true guide; and he never truly made good until he proceeded by a system of hunches and winks, a glance at what the stars foretell, a sixpenny horoscope from Brighton Pier out of a slot machine, and a special method, after a long stare at the tea-leaves in the bottom of his tea-cup at breakfast, of walking along Threadneedle Street without treading on a crack between paving stones.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

deliberately starves its culture and still looks like a giant slum. We are not space-minded but earth-minded. This green globe is not to us simply a settlement round a uranium mine, a rocket base until we find another planet to plunder and ruin, but our ancient Mother, nourishing us while we weave for her, through our consciousness, an enduring living web of memories, relating her, in some fashion we cannot pretend to understand, with other vast mysterious beings, levels of life beyond our comprehension. Let us go then, taking such primitive superstitions with us, living if necessary without a button to press anywhere, exploring not empty space but the magical world within ourselves, not raising the speed of our missiles but the level of our understanding and feeling.

But why divide, why not have both, why not have everything happening at once? In theory, why not? In practice, one is busy cancelling out the other. The new progress, if that is its name, is putting a stop to the old. The signs are everywhere, in the frantic visions of our artists, the imbecilities of our public life, the anæsthesia or angry frustrations of the young, the crowded prisons and mental hospitals. And this is what we want to take out into space, to dump on anything we can reach! In the most fascinating (though anything but scientific) cosmology I know, the moon represents the lowest possible level of being, utter deadness; and now that is what we are all trying to get at. Ah – if Mr David Duncan wasn't just fooling us in his *Occam's Razor!* Here would be the solution, with some of us, knowing ourselves to be in the wrong thin slice of time, just quietly slipping away into another slice, where there might be more nuts and currants – and less space.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Revolution in Tibet

DARK rumours are again deepening the Tibetan mystery. What is happening there? Have the Tibetans risen in revolt against the Chinese? Is there a bitter guerrilla war raging? Are Chinese planes bombing rebel-held monasteries? Kathmandu, in place of the discredited Kalimpong, is now sending distress messages. Former missionaries are busy drafting and sending appeals for help on behalf of fugitive Tibetan nobles in Kalimpong.

The revolt, Kathmandu reports, has broken out in far-away Kham, the eastern province of Tibet. Last year's reports from Kalimpong said the revolt had begun in 1956. In the winter of that year when I was travelling down to India with the Dalai and the Panchen Lamas from the heights of the Nathu pass, a few optimistic fugitive Tibetan nobles were expressing the hope that the Dalai Lama would go back as the God-king of their country after a successful revolt against the Chinese. But the revolt never spread beyond Kham. Last year's rumours said it had been suppressed. This year rumour has again revived the revolt.

Kham, more than 1,500 miles from Kathmandu across the Himalayas, has always been in revolt against authority. When there was no one else to fight with, the Khampas (the people of Kham) fought among themselves. So notorious was the area that people from other parts of Tibet and China dreaded to enter it. Nobody travelled there alone. There was perpetual lawlessness with which the Tibetan government never interfered because it was not strong enough to curb it. The Governor, sent from Lhasa to administer Kham, ruled only Chamdo, its headquarters. Occasionally he sent tax collectors into the country. They plundered the helpless and then beat a hasty retreat to Chamdo when they espied armed hostile gangs of Khampas in the neighbourhood. After the 1914 Simla treaty between Britain and China, parts of Kham were merged with the Chinese province of Sikang. Since then the areas have never been properly administered because they were too far away for the weak Kuomintang government to control. Before the arrival of the Chinese Communist troops in 1950, the tall, sturdy warrior-like Khampas had increasingly become bandits plundering neighbouring areas and often fighting among themselves over the loot. They also armed themselves very well, they captured arms from government troops or smuggled them in from India. They are slow to submit to the orderly regime the Chinese want to impose in the province. During the past two years, after negotiations with them had failed, the Chinese have dealt severely with the Khampas. They did their best to pacify the people of Kham. They brought back their leader, Pangdatsang, from Kalimpong and made him the head of the local administration in Kham. Though Pangdatsang still heads the administration, groups of Khampa nomads continue to resist authority. They are not fighting for a cause. They fight anyone who tries to create order. That is why though Kham has remained troubled for two years, the central and western provinces of Tibet have not joined the revolt.

I have travelled much in Tibet since the Chinese occupation and I was detained at a Chinese camp for three months. Each time I entered I found the face of the country changed. Compared to the progress they have made in China, the Chinese have been very slow in Tibet. Nevertheless, they have brought tremendous changes there. Before they launched their construction programme they compelled the Tibetan administration to abolish forced labour – a revolutionary change, since in the past the majority of Tibetans have starved and slaved in monasteries and for the big landlords, nobles and officials. In a country where the wheel was unknown, the Chinese have built three major highways over 6,000 miles long, connecting the main towns. The highways, crossing frozen deserts and ice-covered rocky mountains and turbulent rivers, are marvels of engineering and have been hard to construct. Soon after their arrival, the Chinese also began building houses for themselves and started experiments of growing high altitude grain. They opened co-operatives to provide seed, loans and financial aid to the peasants and to cottage industries. They opened farms where better quality sheep could be bred. All this activity opened new fields of employment for Tibetans and made them less dependent than they had been on the monasteries and landlords.

Tibet's trade with India increased three times. More goods went over the high Himalayas to remote parts of Tibet, first because the Chinese also began to import their requirements from India and, secondly, because the Tibetans now had more purchasing power. Of course, the big businessmen of India and Nepal began to lose their trade empires in Tibet. Before the Chinese arrival, the rate of barter exchange was highly unfavourable to Tibetans. The Indian and Nepali traders had a stranglehold over inner Tibet. They sold it food and cloth and bought its wool at an exchange rate fixed by themselves. The Tibetan could neither buy food and cloth nor sell his wool elsewhere. In big Tibetan cities the Indian and Nepali traders sold their goods at 300 per cent. profit and in remote areas at 800 per cent. Along with the landlords, these traders plundered the country. The Chinese intervened in 1952. They forced the traders to sell their goods at 3 to 4 per cent. profit, after giving them another 3 per cent. to cover the risk involved in transporting their wares over the Himalayas. The Chinese raised the price of Tibetan wool over 300 per cent. This annoyed the traders greatly. Some of them have now returned to Nepal where they seek a revenge by circulating the wildest rumours about Tibet.

In short, Tibet is being freed from the clutches of a very backward, despotic, feudal theocracy and is advancing on the path of progress. The tragedy is that the initiative for all this good work is not in the hands of the Tibetans themselves. Their progress is directed by the Chinese with the explicit purpose of submerging its identity. They want Tibetans not to feel themselves a people, but part of China. The rate of progress and integration is so rapid that the Tibetans may lose the better side of their personality, their proud heritage and their tradition of learning. The doors of a new world have too suddenly been opened for the Tibetans.

There is vague talk of Tibetan 'independence'. What does that mean? A few dispossessed nobles now living over the frontier would dearly love to push Tibet back into its former despotic theocracy; some émigrés even dream that Chiang Kai-shek will one day reoccupy the Chinese mainland and restore their old dominion in Tibet. But apart from this discredited minority no one wants to go back to the past, however unhappy they may be about the loss of their traditions and way of life under the Chinese communists. In the beginning of this century the British surrendered Tibet to a weak China. China is now strong and nobody can free Tibet from the new type of bondage Peking imposes on her.

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Another Menace

How much are we going to hate Josepsson? The question is of sociological interest.

There is no recorder on which to measure reliably the decibels of hate. Yet they are perceptible; their variations in volume curious, and sometimes revealing. As Iceland's Communist Minister of Fisheries, Josepsson may yet be a winner in the tussle for the position of Britain's best-hated man. It's 'Mr' Josepsson now, but we may find 'Kremlin Stooge in Cod Grab' before many headlines have passed.

Personalities claiming high hate-ratings in time of declared war are not eligible for consideration by this survey. Parenthetically, however, it may be remarked that even Hitler rarely evoked from Britain's press and orators that pure, true, squealing note of loathing which Nasser has for years been able to produce with just a smile, or a shake of a Saudi Arabian's hand.

The study of what best qualifies a man to be successfully hated by British public opinion, or at least to convince the people who fix up the newspapers and the Central Office *Notes for Speakers* that he has what it takes to be a hate figure, may tell us little about the man, yet help us to assess the state of public opinion in our island at this time or that.

There are grounds for the claim that in the 40 years or so before Nasser won the championship, the record for intensity-plus-duration of British hate-evocation was held by the currently respected Christian statesman and sage, Eamon de Valera. And it must be recalled that during much of the time he faced the sharp challenge of Leon Trotsky. This contender took advantage of being Jewish to get even more spewed-upon than Lenin, who relied overmuch on his sealed-train gimmick and on being a German agent. (Trotsky might well have gone on to win, had he not disqualified himself and confused the judges by bickering openly with Stalin.)

By considering de Valera (in his vile period) in conjunction with Nasser, we may gain some insight into the essentials of spew-worthiness. An element of surprise, and hence of shock, is necessary to wring from the public throat that special screech of indignation, as of a respectable woman unexpectedly and clumsily raped by a ticket-collector on the Bournemouth train. She has taken her seat, and is appreciating the amenities of First Class travel, on the distinct—though admittedly tacit – understanding that the ticket-collectors on this line know their place.

Hate-attractors such as Nasser and de Valera (as he was in the days before the Irish-American vote and shortage of cash forced us to shake hands with murder) not only do not know their place; they arrange for us to be deceived about their true position. They act in such a way as to get the British press, the expert ex-diplomats who know everyone from the Chief of Police to the barman at the local Ritz, and the 'friend of the Irish/Egyptian people', to proclaim that they are out of their minds, power-mad, facing bankruptcy, and secretly detested by the mass of level-headed Irishmen/Egyptians, who are only waiting for a bold move by Britain to rise and sing God save the King/Queen. If the wretch is quiet for a while, it is because he has been cowed by British firmness. If he acts, it is but to stake all on the last desperate throw of the hopeless gambler. (Lenin and Trotsky repeatedly made such throws.) Naturally when this same cornered rat abruptly turns the British out of the area amid wide popular acclaim, the shock makes people's blood boil.

'Sneaky Sultan' was the *Daily Express* headline description of the Sultan of Lahej, recently disclosed as having entered into an infamous intrigue with his own countrymen against Britain; and a quality of sneakiness will commonly be found among the types under consideration. For example, though we had not declared war on de Valera, and it was strictly in defence of law and order that our security forces imprisoned, tortured and killed his supporters, this fanatic did not scruple both to condone and even to encourage these latter to use fire-arms against our men. Furthermore (and this is characteristic of other revulsion rousers), the sneaky Sinn Feiners, instead of coming out to meet our superior forces in pitched battle, had recourse to the cowardly ambush, the bomb thrown without due warning, and the unadvertised landmine. They would even shoot people when they were not looking.

It was along these lines that Archbishop Makarios at one time looked like taking the lead from Nasser and may well do so again. (Note again the element of surprise—a clergyman supporting armed warfare. The Mufti of Jerusalem —a well-hated man in his day but lacking stamina—used the same surprise technique.

Hate-watchers should keep an eye open when the Armed Forces become 'our lads' rather than soldiers. It is wrong to find the phrase merely nauseating. It is significant, too. For it expresses the guilt and horror belatedly experienced by the public when it grasps that its 'vital interests' require a lot of brave and well-intentioned young men to be exposed to sudden death or maiming for complex, obscure, and sometimes unavoidable 'strategic' or financial reasons.

Under pressure of this guilt—which we should not have been forced to experience if the other side had surrendered more promptly—the mind can even perform the acrobatic feat of believing that the guerrillas and terrorists of Makarios and Grivas have, in terms of combat, some thoroughly unfair advantage over the 20 or 30 thousand well-trained and equipped British troops in Cyprus. And even this force of freedom fighters has been depleted by the detachment of several thousand of their number for the defence of plucky little Hussein and his busy little gallows.

A remarkable feature, it may be thought, of Nasser's rise to ill-fame, is the fact that he has rarely, as yet, caused a Britisher to be physically struck below the belt. When British bombs were dropped, more in sorrow than in anger, on Port Said, all Nasser could do was exaggerate, by indirectly aggressive radio propaganda, the number of young children we had had to kill on that occasion. He said there were hundreds, whereas in reality there were a mere 50, or even less. Their mothers probably know the exact figure.

Thus it is seen that a person can get hate without offering much violence. Mossadeq, the Persian, is a case in point, and he was the more execrated because he had the effrontery to organise a major international brou-ha-ha without ever bothering to shave or change out of his pyjamas. He might have been a real contender for the hate crown, had not the American oilmen discomfited him by arranging a spontaneous surge of popular love for the Shah. By this means they saved our oil and, in a memorable gesture of generosity, gave half of it back to us. It can be seen that what Nasser and Mossadeq had in common was a desire to take from us something we wanted to keep but could not pay for.

That is why Fisheries Minister Josepsson may yet hope for a place among our pin-ups whose provocative political curves and poses excite the saliva of our national disgust. Mossadeq tried to take our oil, Nasser took our Canal, and Josepsson is sneaking up on our fish. Already, similarities of technique may be noted. Josepsson speaks as though the fish in question were, somehow, Icelandic. This is, of course, sheer casuistry. The oil in Iran is only Iranian by the accident, unfortunate but not reparable now, of being

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Scientific journalist J. Stubbs Walker reports from Sheffield on work that could prepare for space travel—or change your shaving habits. Pictures by Ivor Sharp.

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The endless roar of the rolling mills, the brain-jerking shock of multi-ton hammers all suggest an industry of brawny violence. But behind it there is a refined understanding of the meaning of milligrams, of the precise control of temperatures. Sheffield has always taken trouble over its steel.

This report was commissioned by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone should know the facts about steel, and the men making it.

Scientists at the Swinden Laboratories of United Steel study the behaviour of air currents in a Perspex model of a furnace.

under Iranian soil. The Iranians have done nothing whatever to deserve it. And, if the Suez Canal had not had to be dug through Egypt, the hollowness of Nasser's claim that it is in some sense 'Egyptian' would be apparent to all. (The Americans were not so foolish as to allow the Panamanians to get their dago paws on that other inland waterway of freedom.)

Similarly, if marine conditions were entirely different, the fish which now go to Iceland for the autumn might well gather in Southampton Water, where they would be properly treated. To take a mean advantage of geographical and biological accidents is in itself hateful.

Again, Nasser was always prepared to let us use the Suez Canal if we would pay him for the privilege. Josepsson, apparently, is prepared to sell us all the fish we want. With detestable myopia, he overlooks the fact that such a transaction would cost us money. Thus, simply because we are naturally unwilling to pay out cash in this way, the Nasseristic Josepsson forces us into the position of delinquents, compelled by poverty to use our Navy to steal what we cannot afford to buy.

But where Josepsson seems to be making his bid to be rated yet more nauseating than Nasser is in his shameless flaunting of the fact that he is a card-holding member of the Communist Party while yet presuming to be a member of a democratically chosen Cabinet. An uppity class of ticket-collector if ever there was one, he actually declares himself a public Communist before anyone has had time to unmask him as a crypto one. Impudently enough, he asserts that a large number of Icelanders vote Communist, as if the French had not already proved to everyone's satisfaction that in a true democracy the number of Communist votes is irrelevant when it is a question of who is to be in the government.

And here, too, is where he achieves the indispensable effect of surprise and shock. We had been given to understand that the Icelanders were for the most part sturdy fisherfolk and peasants, wresting a sustenance from sea and meagre soil, yet not complaining of their lot. It had always been axiomatic that people of that stamp – tillers, gleaners dour but honest – were too close to nature and/or God to fall victims to Red guile.

Either there has been jiggery-pokery in Reykjavik, some 'ETU-sion' of votes into which Mr Wyatt should be invited to look, or else the people who are supposed to have been defining and charting the Communist menace have slipped up badly. They did, it must be remembered, the same thing in China. Because the Chinese were notable tillers, peasants, and sustenance scratchers, it was for years taken for granted that Mao Tse-tung and party were just a group of honest country folks, all coom oop from Zechooan, and anxious to join a cosy radio chat with Ralph Wightman. The lady in the carriage was never more surprised in her life.

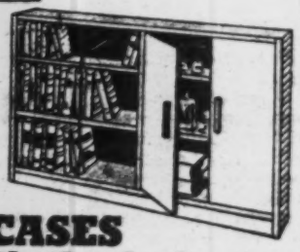
It begins to look very much as if the scaly Josepsson is up to the same tricks. Quick, the communication cord – no time to read what is the penalty for improper use. Nato rushes up, and here is the Guard in person. Old, reliable Foster will save her. The beast Josepsson retreats. She is alone with Foster. In gratitude she hands him what remains of her poor little collection of *bijouterie*. (There is not much left, because there is always a Menace on this line, and on previous occasions she has had to present her saviour with such little mementoes as her majority shares in the Rhodesian copper mines, her oil wells in Trinidad, half her oil in Iran, and what she used so proudly to think of as her respectable position in the Middle East.) Foster needs it all to keep up his strength so as to be able to go on saving her from worse than death. He at once propounds a plan by which his friend at the World Bank will arrange for her to let Foster and Ike handle her fish-money in future.

She sobs. He gives her a number of Thor rockets. 'They'll not go off, light of my life, but they'll look mighty purty in your East Anglian garden.'

She smiles upon him. He presses his advantage, for he too is but human. With a disengaged hand he pulls down the blind, shutting out the face of the Menace. 'Oh Foster!' she murmurs, half-swooning with ecstasy, 'Are we being watched? But I feel that somehow it's all so different when it's *you*.'

CLAUD COCKBURN

PHOENIX



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The Arts and Entertainment

George Fullard

THE best art of our time can easily be missed. The more so because its value is often independent of its style and even of the artist's own conscious philosophy. One can recognise it only as one recognises, say, courage. Though here more than courage is needed. Last week I discussed the 'realist' paintings of Theodore Major, this week I want to say something about the 'expressionist' sculptures of George Fullard (Woodstock Gallery, Woodstock Street, Mayfair), and soon I shall write about a 'classical' modern Dutch painter. Visually these artists have almost nothing in common. But they all happen to be better artists than most of their well-known contemporaries. Fullard is the best young (under 40) sculptor whom I know in this country. I shall not justify that opinion today. In twenty years' time it will be easier. Now it is more necessary to look at the works than to defend comparisons. I would only respectfully ask the Tate to consider acquiring the small bronze head of a girl which is in this show.

Fullard's works (in bronze or plaster) deal with modern life. By that I do not mean that his work is literal, or that he has a fixed, prophetic concept of what is modern. I mean that he looks at, watches, ponders the women and children he sculpts far more intensely than he studies other men's sculpture. His work is unusually and profoundly personal and yet at the same time unusually observant. He is one of the very few sculptors who has succeeded in using naturally and without any premeditation modern clothes for his own purposes as an artist. High-heeled shoes, short skirts, duffle coats are not in Fullard's work something to add to a nude, or something to substitute for classical drapery, or a formal device to make special play with; they are simply an intrinsic part of the image which he searches to rediscover (having discovered it once in real life) within the confines and climate of his art. And it is the same with facial expression, which is of course a subtler matter. In the Tate (?) head, the sidelong glance of the eyes and the quiveringly attentive mouth are not variable factors but intrinsic ones, the overall form of the whole face (and, incidentally, the problem of how to end a portrait neck is here magnificently solved) holds its own expression just as the form of a full sail holds the wind.

In other words, for Fullard every work grows from a single seed. There is, I suspect, very little constructive or cerebral calculation in his work. Instead there are two intuitive compulsions which, opposing each other, generate a tension similar to that of cerebral thought – there is his intuitive recollection and desire for the image he has seen already in life, and there is his intuitive respect for the narrow limits and thus for the dignity of his sculptural language. Zadkine has, I think, worked with a similar spirit.

At the moment Fullard's sculptural language is one of flattened forms. His works are not reliefs, but equally and quite deliberately they are not all-round three-dimensional works of sculpture. Each form is attenuated sideways – so that the effect is the opposite of that of seeing a film too much from one side. This, however, is not just an 'original' trick. Far from it. Its purpose is to make the spectator follow the form with his eyes as a camera follows a racehorse. Yet his subjects are not in themselves so active – a head looking sideways, the torso of an old woman, a mother sitting on a chair with child on her lap. The movement one has to follow with one's eyes is not a physical one, but rather a movement, a development, in time. One is led up to the moment of recognition, and then away from it, changed – just as it can happen that one looks long at a face until suddenly one recognises that it is beautiful or generous. But because of course Fullard is a sculptor and not a writer, he wants to recognise more than romantic or moral qualities. We follow with our eyes the development of the physical fact of a clenched hand, a crossed leg, a rising breast, and so on for all the forms in the work, until at the moment of recognition we realise that all this and more lies

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behind and makes up the reality of one woman or one child during one second of their lives. And in this human and tender sense I would say that Fullard is one of the few genuine existentialist artists of today. He opens up for us the approach to and from the moment of awareness.

JOHN BERGER

A Stratford Charade

Much Ado about Nothing is the fifth and final play selected for the Stratford season. Mr Seale's production scraps the Renaissance, impudently twitches the Bard into light opera and moves the play forward to 1850 and the Italy of Verdi and Rossini. This is to the advantage of the comedy which gains Romantic verve and settles for the Picturesque; but a disadvantage to the melodramatic conspiracy. The play splits in two; Benedick and Beatrice become the leading characters, which by now is pretty well a tradition; Claudio and Hero fall back. The sets by Tanya Moiseiwitsch are a collection of amusing coloured slides each more original and delightful than its predecessor. The crinolines are charming, the parasols twirl or conceal with diverting effect. The danger for Mr Seale was that his caste would slip into the Victorian. There were moments when Miss Googie Withers was arch and too given to grimace; a bad five minutes in the marriage scene; yet the impudence comes off.

We wondered, of course, what Miss Googie Withers would make of Beatrice. She was tender and warm-hearted, merry, without coldness in her wit; she could have done with a bit more dignity. But at critical moments and especially when she spoke the difficult line 'Kill Claudio', she was excellent, for then she did really convey that indignation and even passion were raised and that she meant it. Here she matched Michael Redgrave's capacity to convey feeling that does not lose its head. One was troubled by him as a wit, for he uttered slowly considered conviction. But that made him a plausible woman-hater and certainly brought out the sentimentality of this affectation. He and especially Cyril Luckham as Leonato – an outstanding performance – lived in their parts, *talked* Shakespeare with nonchalance all through the play and quickened it continually. Zoe Caldwell as Margaret; and Anthony Nicholls, as Don Pedro, also gave well-judged performances.

The puzzle remains; how is a modern producer to deal with the hopeless plot against Hero's virtue and Claudio's soldierly lack of curiosity about the accusation? One can see that the situation may have been acceptable in the Renaissance with its cult of honour; one can see that Shakespeare may have thrown the play together and have relied on his ingenuity to palm it all off. One can see that it may work if Claudio is a dominant man of passion. This Claudio was not and Hero was insipid as a bride. When she drooped into a swoon, after being denounced at the altar, she was the sweet Victorian girl losing her respectability, not the Sicilian bride losing her honour. The family standing around were stiff with middle-class consternation when one expected a Sicilian storm of tongues. If the melodrama is to be made as acceptable as the comedy, it must be seen that Shakespeare flagrantly made this a play of four tricks: the tricking of Beatrice, the tricking of Benedick, the tricking of Claudio and the old Shakespearean dodge of the Friar who advises the family to give out that Hero is dead. The Friar, alas, was no Renaissance intriguer. He was the conventional Shakespearean moralist from *The Oxford Book of Quotations*. Yet there is plenty in the part to show the wily man of action, the worldly plotter of the confessional, the long-headed psychologist. Less piety in the Friar might have shown us that the play does very well as pure conjuring. All the same, Mr Seale's production is witty. One remembers a series of cartoons or scenes from charade: the barbering of Leonato, Margaret pulling at Hero's stay-laces on the wedding night, officers in their smoking-caps, parasols like flowers, Balthasar's affecting song and the excellent dances.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Opera at Edinburgh

IN the predominantly conservative scheme of the Edinburgh Festival the Stuttgart State Opera deserves our gratitude for mounting two rarities: Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz* (a delightful performance of which I will write next week) and Weber's *Euryanthe*. The latter is one of those historically important works we all know about, but scarcely ever hear, much less see. For the Stuttgart revival, Kurt Honolka has attempted to remove the worst absurdities of Helmine von Chezy's famously absurd libretto; what remains is rather childish, but at least intelligible. As for the music, its influence on early Wagner is indeed clear and potent; but to speak of it as the equal, let alone the superior, of *Lohengrin* strikes me as a wild aberration of judgment. The Tennysonian rapture and sweetness of *Lohengrin* may seem a little

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

paled today; but only suppose that we had never before heard a note of either opera, and that both were to be given for the first time on successive nights; should we not be bowled over by scene after scene of *Lohengrin*, as we are most emphatically not bowled over by anything in *Euryanthe*? And that was just the effect the two operas made on their first audiences. It is true that the Stuttgart performance, under Lovro von Matacic, was vocally too rough and orchestrally too noisy to show the music in a very favourable light; but at least Josef Traxel sang warmly and melodiously as the hero, while Inge Borkh, as the Weberian prototype of Ortrud, gave us one of those overpowering demonstrations of villainy of which only German sopranos seem capable. As the heroine, Lore Wissmann sounded pallid and insecure.

In general, despite the presence in the company of several well-known names, the standard of singing has been rather low, especially on the female side. In *Die Entführung* Wilma Lipp made a timid shot at Constanze's first two arias, though rallying somewhat for her big showpiece; and Lotte Schädle was a twittery Blonde. The two tenors (Wunderlich as Belmonte, Pfeifle as Pedrillo) were decent, the Osmin (Otto von Rohr) passable, the production elementary; since Herr von Matacic's conducting was on this occasion almost too discreet, the whole performance was hardly of a festival standard. For two acts I felt very much the same about a *Tristan und Isolde* conducted by Ferdinand Leitner and produced by Wieland Wagner; yet most of the principals in this performance came from Bayreuth. The one outstandingly successful detail in a deliberately static production was the bold treatment of the long silent passage after the drinking of the potion. Visually, the Ship Scene might have been run up round the corner by the local Art Master's wife, but the clothes (especially Brangäne's gown in two shades of chocolate) were of such a cut as only a Bayreuth *couturier* could have conceived. Act 2, though not very romantic, looked better; Act 3, a bare ochre circular emplacement, was quite impressive. By this point, too, the musical side had benefited by the fact that Isolde (Martha Mödl, in very rough voice) was located somewhere in mid-Channel; the long scenes between Tristan (Windgassen) and Kurwenal (Niedlinger) were indeed profoundly moving.

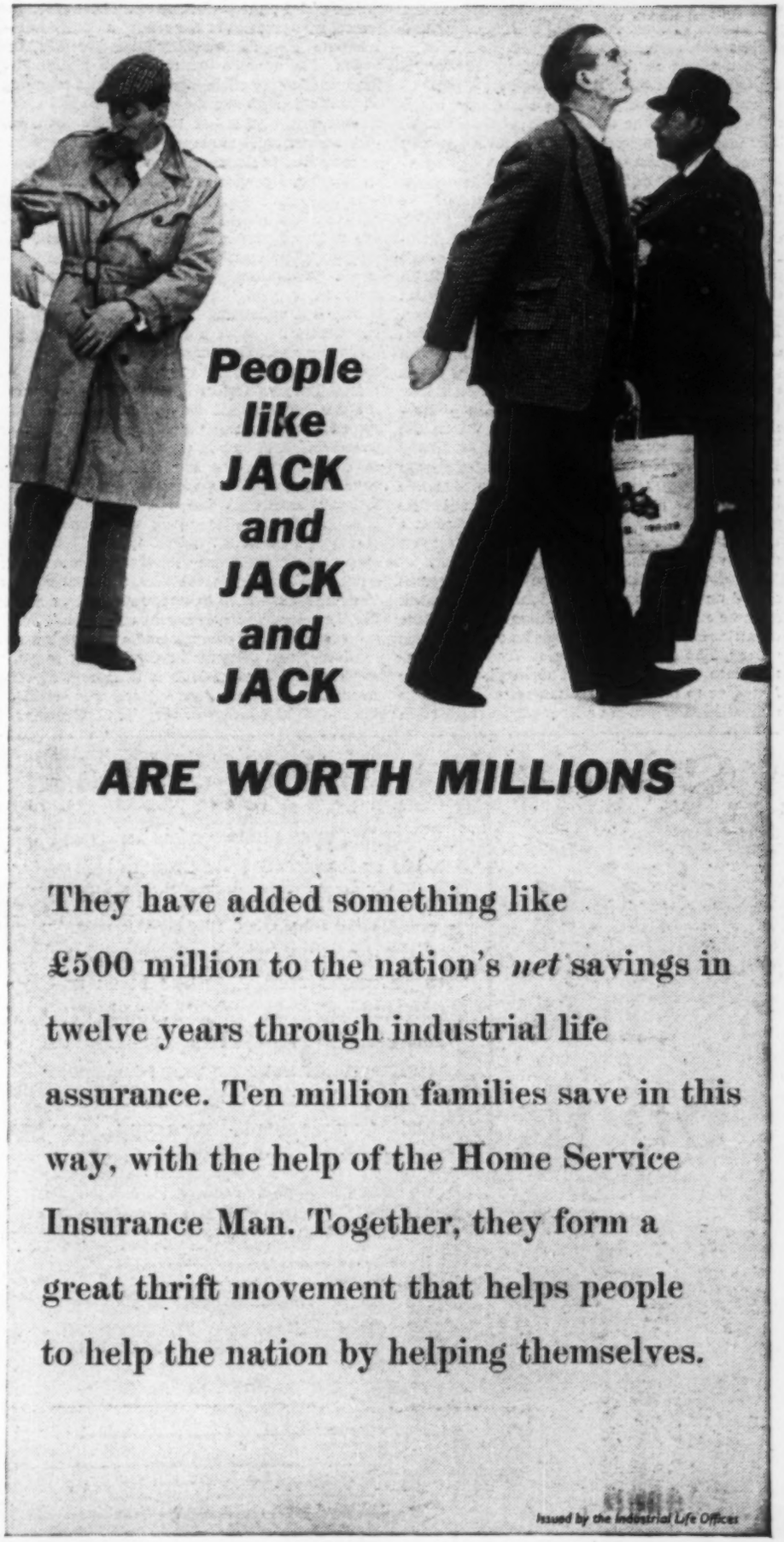
* * *

A misprint last week made me describe certain lyrical passages in Barber's *Vanessa* as 'infinitely attractive'. What I wrote was '*instantly* attractive'.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Edinburgh Drama—I

THERE is commonly at Edinburgh a good deal of friendly argument between the music lovers and the drama addicts as to which is the less adventurously treated by the Festival organisers. This year, I think, the drama section has less just cause for complaint than usual. At the Lyceum theatre there are to be three presentations – in the first week the new Eliot (already noticed), in the second week an Ulster play, directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and in the third the first performance in Great Britain of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. From a metropolitan point of view the edge is somewhat taken off by the fact that the first and third of these will both be seen in London within a month; and the same is true of the Old Vic's production of Schiller's *Mary Stuart* in Stephen Spender's translation. But then the Edinburgh programme is not, after all, designed for the London critics, as we sometimes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seem to make the mistake of thinking: and the programme outlined is already an interesting and commendable one.

Indefensible on the other hand, in my view, is the official place given to the Gateway's production of an adaptation of *Weir of Hermiston*, which runs throughout the three weeks of the Festival. The Gateway is a local company which has only recently been given official recognition, the organisers considering rightly that Scottish drama ought to be represented in the official programme. The principle is certainly correct; but who on earth could think that the trite little threadbare melodrama that has been concocted out of Stevenson's marvellous fragment represents fairly Scottish drama? The answer, apparently, is the Scottish critics who have given it an extravagant welcome. Indeed one cannot help noticing a sharp division of opinion between the Scottish and the English points of view all round. The Scots on the whole dismissed the Eliot: the English respected it. The English on the whole despised the *Weir of Hermiston:* the Scots warmly praised it. About the Eliot there is room for two opinions. About the *Weir* there can be only one. I am amazed that in his native country, in the city around which his tale is woven, this paltry assemblage of melodramatic conventions should be allowed to bear Stevenson's title unrebuked. In point of fact, it is a great public success here. More shame to Scotland.

No doubt Scotland is more worthily represented on the Fringe. But an ignorant Sassenach must be excused for not submitting himself to the unintelligibility of the Doric at its more extreme in, say, *The Puddocks*, Douglas Young's adaptation into the vernacular of Aristophanes's *The Frogs*, or to recitals of Lallans verse. But if it is unintelligibility you are after it can be supplied in the English by the Oxford Arena Theatre, for instance, who present 'in the round' a double bill – Ionesco's *The Picture* and Adamov's *The Invasion*. The Ionesco (which follows his familiar formula of piling cliché upon cliché and rounding off with a descent into the macabre) is child's play to Adamov, who is – or was in 1949 when this play was written – aiming evidently at producing an equivalent in drama to the non-representational in painting. I cannot begin to describe this piece – at least until a school of non-representational criticism has arisen to provide a vocabulary. I can only tell you it is incredibly glum and incredibly solemn and is accompanied by an 'electronic composition' which is beyond *musique concrète*.

Still it is enlivening to notice that this austere experiment has made a distinct hit, and that adventurous audiences crowd to see it. It is the only truly experimental offering that I have come across. The rival Oxford Theatre Group who have led the experimental field in other years have somewhat lapsed this time. They are not in the round this year, only in the semi-round (audience on three sides of the stage) and the piece they have chosen has been specially written for them by a past member, Willis Hall. *The Disciplines of War* is in the documentary class, an all-male drama of a patrol in Malaya. It rises, but rather slowly, to a climax where the simple filmic soldier types – the Welshman, the Scot, the Cockney, the Yorkshire boy – have to decide whether or not to kill their Japanese prisoner in cold blood. Some not very raw 'raw' dialogue and a serious but unresolved moral dilemma hardly bring it into the experimental class, though it is quite well constructed in its rather slow way and well acted.

T. C. WORSLEY

Ballet in London

An intricate network of music, choreography of matching convolutions, combined with a crinkly decor, are too much for one short ballet; even if these components are most carefully arranged. In *Agon*, the first new work of the Royal Ballet season at Covent Garden, it is the costumes that I would immediately discard for something less snappy, less insistent in a frizzly sort of way. There is need for a clarity and simplicity that would rest the eye and show up the grace of Kenneth Macmillan's choreography, which is inextricably mixed with Stravinsky's marvellously disturbing score. Macmillan's choreography is too often without a complete conception of form, so that, looking back on this ballet, it seems shapeless as a whole. But taken bit by bit it may be seen to consist of the most ingenious detail, like a piece of fine embroidery. Cogs of movement turn within the spikes of sound, set patterns of gesture mark the silent beats. It is a specialised piece of work, with wit both in the music and choreography: though our slow-minded English dancers are unable to bring this out. *Agon* is in many ways satisfactory: a ballet I would be pleased, rather than depressed, to see again.

Yvette Chauviré, who comes as guest to the company, dances Giselle better than anyone else today. She is not a young thing, but neither is she too old to be credible, as are both the other great living Giselles, Ulanova and Markova. With Chauviré it is not necessary to stretch the imagination, to be conscious of an artistry that can only spasmodically make us forget the many years' difference between the nervous virgin and the

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ageing ballerina who portrays the part. Chauviré is an artist with a violently feminine personality, consciously charming, though never aggressively so. She dances with the delicacy that is the highest refinement of the ballet technique. No other form of dancing has achieved the effect of making the human body appear lighter than air, or given such an illusion of flying. Though certainly only the very best dancers can ever manage to deceive us. Chauviré does not rely on whizzing pirouettes or balancing on one toe for hours and hours. She has no stunts. But she dances like a fairy, lightly, wittily, exquisitely, with a strange poke of her chin that, graceful in her, would appear hideous in anyone else.

This production of Giselle, with James Bailey's decor and a delightful rustic *pas de deux* by Maryon Lane and Brian Shaw, is one of the Royal Ballet's best. It is conventional, without being stuffy; mossy and romantic, without undue sentimentality.

Romeo and Juliet as a *pas de deux* to Tchaikovsky's music should be a surging orgy of passion. But as arranged by Oleg Briansky for the Festival Ballet at the Festival Hall it whisks over the emotions suffered by the lovers, without arousing them. Only Natalie Krassovska succeeds in dancing so delightfully that she creates a romantic aura of her own. As a whole this is a dull ballet, with a good deal of sensitive walking and running about. Mr Briansky is an upstanding Romeo, but impassive, except when he whimsically kisses Juliet's navel at the Capulet ball.

ANNABEL FARJEON

What is Freedom?

THE fourth programme of Free Cinema takes us the other side of the curtain. (*Polish Voices* at the National Film Theatre: this can just be caught today and tomorrow.) Through the curtain, it's rather like Alice's journeys through the looking-glass, into a world both ours and not ours, that lures and affrights; for make no mistake, it is a terrible world, though coming back to our own we may sigh for some of its grim encouragements and high achievements.

The first half of the programme consists of four documentaries. *Where the Devil Says Goodnight* starts with a Warsaw slum in 1949; children play in an old cemetery (and isn't all Warsaw such?); to the market-place come youths to drink and gamble; love is enacted on a waste-land, between trains passing. The mobile cinema comes round once a month, and there's a free fight for tickets. But all this is to be changed, because here will be built a Palace of Culture where the young will have everything from music and books to discussion and ping-pong. The great building starts to go up. Seven years later it is still unfinished, despaired of, with one small hall to accommodate all needs. This 11-minute film brilliantly impresses the tragedy of hopes raised and promises broken. The self-criticism revealed may surprise us, no less than the magnanimity of the Polish Government in allowing it to be shown. They have chosen right. The film itself is an achievement. At home, apparently, it has been seen in clubs and film societies.

The second documentary deals with prostitution – non-existent in theory – from café level to the sacking corners in cellars. Many of the women are little more than tramps, can be arrested only on other suspicions, lack medical supervision. This piece is straight tough reporting, and like the other hits hard at bureaucracy. The remaining films in this section, less hammering, more hopeful or wistful, show a hospital for crippled child-

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ren (a child talks to us while she undergoes a spinal operation), and a home for old women. But in fact compassion extends to all four of these documentaries, which perform the function they should, of shocking and winning us to reality.

With Part II, we come to experiment; and let me remind you that all films in Poland are under the State, all self-criticism, all adventure. Now for the free imagination. Is it free? Apparently, since the two films of Borowczyk and Lenica are both surrealist: one is the doodling of a peasant Klee, some fluff-bird on a walk with a line; the other the dreams of a young woman in terms of phallic machinery, a rapacious blonde wig, a man's plaster head that decays to a skeleton. The first of these has charm, but neither seems to me to go beyond their Western antecedents. The third, however, is a very different affair. R. Polanski's *Two Men and a Wardrobe* is a sad, comic fable, in terms of the silent days, in which two workmen emerge from the sea carrying a wardrobe. They totter up the sands, they try to get into a tramcar, they push their way into a tiny restaurant, they are barred from a hotel, mocked by youths, beaten up, and return to the sands, where a child has built hundreds of bucket-castles, and slip back into the sea. This, too, it may be claimed, is derivative. It is students' work. It may be the beginnings of a Chaplin or Clair. It is wholly captivating. And it is 'State art'. The students belong to the Polish Film High School; this is their exercise.

Of course, in Britain we work in such different conditions; and can't do nearly as well. The recent showings of Wajda's *Kanal* and *A Generation*, the films of Alexander Ford and Munk, have revealed Poland as the live point of cinema today, as once was Russia, then France and Germany, and after the war Italy. Hungary, from which we have seen little, apparently shares in this advance. Ideas rise. . . .

But not here, where we are free to do anything. To make fifth-rate films, for example.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Vaughan Williams

THERE is no doubt that Vaughan Williams was an English worthy. He was everything we most love and admire: a blunt countryman without urban fuss or frills, yet a 'character', known everywhere, as characters often are, simply by his initials, and carrying on in business to the last. Since the Second War, V.W. had come to be widely regarded abroad, especially in the United States, as the very voice of England. And so he was. His music often brought to our London concert halls the wide skies of the Norfolk fenland or the broad sweep of his native Cotswolds; and during rehearsals his large, tweed-clad frame, slumped heavily in a stall but always shrewdly watchful, would suggest not so much the world-famous composer as a sound judge of livestock at some county fair.

Born in 1872, Ralph Vaughan Williams became the leading figure in the second generation of modern British composers – that is, if we count Parry, Stanford and the somewhat younger Elgar as the first. Elgar stood aloof from the academic world; but for Stanford and Parry, with both of whom V.W. studied, music meant primarily the German classical tradition, with Brahms as its great contemporary representative. The young V.W. found this Anglo-German academic tradition stifling; it was a foreign language in which he could not express his own ideas. To escape, he even studied for a while with Ravel: a surprising but not altogether unfruitful choice of master. But not until he had begun to collect and study our national folk music did he find a fully congenial style. English folksong remained the strongest single element in his musical idiom – although it may be added that in his very best works the debt is least obvious.

The second great influence in his creative life was his love for Tudor music, life and literature. We can feel this sympathy in his Falstaff opera, *Sir John in Love*, and most of all in that racy choral work, *Five Tudor Portraits*, based on the congenially eccentric poems of John Skelton. The portraits come to life; and we get some notion of the breadth of the composer's sympathies when we turn from the hiccups and comic hesitations of Skelton's alehouse slut, Drunken Alice, to the most famous of all V.W.'s 'Tudor' works, the *Fantasy on a Theme by Tallis*. At the climaxes of this noble piece, the elaborate writing for divided strings suggests a new spatial dimension: we look as though from the floor to the vaulted roof of some English cathedral nave.

Until the three middle symphonies (Nos 4 to 6), it was certainly the *Tallis Fantasy* which did most to spread the composer's name. In general, his music has proved a bad traveller. There is in it a certain rough-cast quality, a lofty contempt for 'good taste', a thoroughly English indifference to qualities of texture and pure sound. When, in his last three symphonies, he began to make experiments in sonority and texture, the results were often crude: the octogenarian composer was like a small boy with a big new paintbox supplied by some not very distinguished commercial firm. And yet he was capable, when so moved, of weaving subtle and exquisite tonal designs, as in the *Tallis Fantasy* or in one of the most beautiful of his shorter pieces, the *Serenade to Music*, which he wrote in honour of Sir Henry Wood's jubilee.

The most unexportable of all his works are the operas; and these have grave drawbacks even from an English point of view. The stage always attracted him, and in *Job*, a 'masque for dancing' based on Blake's illustrations, he and his collaborators achieved a consistent and impressive work of art. Towards opera, however, V.W. seemed to entertain those mixed feelings characteristic of the older English professional musicians. On the one hand, as the most direct route to the sympathies of a large public, opera is democratically admirable. On the other hand, as a highly sophisticated and cosmopolitan kind of entertainment which has never taken firm root in England, it is liable to arouse insular suspicion. Caught in this ambiguous relationship towards opera, Vaughan Williams tended to compromise. His largest stage-piece, the long-meditated *Pilgrim's Progress*, is less of an opera than (to use his own description) a 'Morality in Four Acts'; it has not survived its first presentation at Covent Garden in 1951. His other operas are apt to be invaded by a strong and sometimes fatal whiff of amateurishness. We find in them the characteristic English faults – home-made plots, feeble jokes, the general air of an undergraduate romp – which spoilt Holst's operas and sometimes intrude even into those of the far more sophisticated Benjamin Britten. As the librettist of a children's opera Ravel had Colette – and V.W. and Evelyn Sharp. In consequence, *The Poisoned Kiss*, though full of the most delicious tunes and ensembles, is a hopeless proposition for the stage. Again, any composer with the theatre in his blood would have known that *Sir John in Love* was a doomed attempt to compete with Verdi at his greatest. The best of V.W.'s operas, though the severity of its style is bound to limit its popularity, is his one-act setting of Synge's *Riders to the*

Sea, a work of great simplicity and evocative power.

Among his huge output there are delightful songs and part-songs, and no doubt many other shorter pieces from which Time may select a few specimens to keep his name alive. But his serious reputation will rest on his symphonies; and not, I think, on the last three of his old age, nor yet on the first three, with their picturesque titles (*Sea, London, Pastoral*), but on the central group, which have no titles, though they too seem to have some programme. The Fourth, one of V.W.'s uncompromising incursions into harsh modernity, is a terrible debate on concepts of violence and power which seemed especially topical at the date of the symphony's appearance (1935) – though, alas, they have remained no less topical ever since; this is probably, as a whole, the composer's symphonic masterpiece. The Fifth, though it appeared in war-time, stands at the opposite emotional extreme: it is serene and consolatory. The Sixth (1948) has been called a synthesis of the two previous works, but seems also to look with a strangely clear gaze into the troubled future.

It is the meditation of a ripe and profound mind on the destiny of man, threatened by sinister forces, yet capable still of grandeur and nobility. The work ends with a ghostly Epilogue, some ten minutes long, which is like nothing else in music. Tenuous wisps of melody float around one another in a perpetual pianissimo, combining and recombining into shapes of desolate beauty. What does it all mean, the beauty and the desolation? Everyone who hears it asks that question, convinced that behind the bare, pure design there must lurk some further significance. Is it the vision of a dead planet after the brief human interlude has been blotted out – an idea then horrifyingly new, now a commonplace? That may be at once too fanciful and too literal an interpretation; yet this music does indeed appear to speak of First and Last Things, and to penetrate, in the words of another sage, 'as far as thought can reach'. Whatever the nature of the composer's vision, his final bars, inconceivably remote from human warmth, accept the mysterious end with dignity and calm.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Small Change

So much of television and so much of sound-radio is so overwhelmingly *same* – so repetitive or so similar in kind – that one is always glad to give a hand to something a bit out of the ordinary, such as radio's *Today* or TV's *Tonight* (though there sometimes seems to be a slight risk that the offhand jauntiness of the latter will itself become a stereotype, and this is no doubt why Michelmore and the rest of them go haring off to Copenhagen or Edinburgh – when, illogically, one wishes they were back in their London studio). Thus, if I were going to be in England next Tuesday, I would try to listen, at 10.15 p.m., to *Lots of Fun at Finnegan's Wake* (on the Third), which will include the first broadcast of Joyce's own composition, 'The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly' (printed, with its music, at the end of the second chapter of his cloudiest masterpiece). Matthew Hodgart has written the programme in order to demonstrate a possible new approach to the understanding of the book, concentrating on its thematic and symbolic use of quotation from popular song.

For the same reason, I looked forward to seeing two of last week's plays which seemed promising (and the inexorable deadline prevents me from describing Granada's Horniman memorial pro-

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duction of *Mary Broome* on Wednesday). The two I can describe (and almost wish I couldn't) are *Blood on the Snow* (ITV) and *A Young Affair* (BBC).

The former was an adaptation, by Ivor Deans, from Hubert Griffith's play about the Russian Revolution, which had the *cachet* (not necessarily the merit) of having been refused a licence by the Lord Chamberlain after its private production in 1929. I don't know how much of the dialogue was Griffith's and how much Mr Deans's, but some of it was rather stagey and stilted ('good bye, my young friend – it will come, no fear'), and words were put into Lenin's mouth which it is hard to believe that he could have used ('. . . our new *empire*' and 'pure Communism has failed'). There had obviously been a painstaking attempt to achieve authenticity in the production, and the scene of Rasputin's death had some tension and horror; but, on the whole, the effect was of a lot of men in false beards arguing about great affairs much too perfunctorily. (Only Trotsky in middle age looked convincing.) The original play must have been cut much too drastically: if one is so ill-advised as to try to dramatise the whole Russian Revolution in 57 minutes, it is surely best to write a new play for the new medium. As it was, one was conscious of cuts and joins.

However, *A Young Affair* was written specially for television, and I'm afraid I didn't find it much more convincing. The author, Allan Prior, understands television (he recently wrote a novel about it), and the play was far neater, technically, than *Blood on the Snow*. Its theme was, indeed, more modest: it was the familiar study of the fretful delinquent youth trying to be a big shot the easy way. Some incidental passages were well observed, but these were outweighed by the defects: the pure girl-friend was too wide-eyed and shockable (she had, after all, lived for years on the fringe of the world of fair sideshows and pintable saloons), the soppy old benefactor was such a mug that he almost deserved to be bashed, the boy's conversion was impossibly sudden and sickly. Essentially, this was hardly above the level of an improving Victorian children's tale. But the main mistake was in the casting of the central figure: Jeremy Spenser is a good young actor, but he conveyed, in this part, no inner tough bitterness; he and his voice were too 'refined'.

Genuine working-class youths and girls often turn up, and function very successfully, in ITV's *We Want an Answer*, the chair of which has lately been occupied by our ample and cosy old friend, Quentin Reynolds. (For the information of the young, he's an American correspondent who did some remarkable broadcasts from London during the blitz.) I didn't think that the session with Dr Bloomer, Bishop of Carlisle, deserved his praise of its 'wonderfully frank and illuminating answers to wonderful questions'. The Bishop, a pleasant rather than a strong TV personality, seemed sometimes evasive and sometimes ill-informed. Asked about nuclear weapons, he clouded the issue by saying that concentration on nuclear weapons clouded the issue – the thing to do was to get rid of war. Asked about full Roman Catholic churches, he failed to give three of the correct answers (fewer churches, stricter discipline, Irish, Polish, Hungarian immigrants). Asked about prayer-book revision, he seemed to agree that 1662 was still in universal use. Mr Reynolds intervened only twice; both interventions were anti-Soviet, and one at least was monumentally inept: when a question was asked about Russian bishops, he broke in to say – to a bishop of the established Church of England! – 'Well, actually they're political appointees, aren't they?'

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

SURVIVORS OF THE BOMB

SIR,—In your issue of 16 August a correspondent asks for the facts about the genetic effects of the atomic bombings on Japan. In 1946 the Atomic Bomb Casualty Committee began a study to try to determine these facts and the results of their enquiry were published by the U.S. National Academy of Sciences in a report by J. V. Neil and W. J. Schull, 'The Effects of Exposure of the Atomic Bombs on Pregnancy Termination in Hiroshima and Nagasaki', in 1956.

The question which the committee endeavoured to answer was this: Can there be observed, during the first years of life, any differences between the children born to parents, one or both of whom were exposed to the effects of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the children born to suitable control parents? To do this, information was collected concerning the relationship between irradiation and the outcome of 72,626 pregnancies terminating in Hiroshima and Nagasaki between 1948 and 1953. Six indicators of genetic damage were selected for study—the ratio of the number of male to female births, the occurrence of major malformations, the number of still-births, the occurrence of death during the first six days after birth, the birthweight and certain physical measurements ('anthropometric data') such as weight, body length, head and chest circumference at the age of about nine months.

In the space of a letter it is impossible even to summarise the results of this inquiry, but one is justified in saying that no genetic effects attributable to radiation could be demonstrated. Three possible effects were suggested but the findings were small and inconsistent.

But such a bald statement is not enough. Unless it is qualified by some indication of the size of the changes one could reasonably hope to detect in the analysis, then it is worthless; and if made to a lay public, grossly, even perhaps criminally, misleading. The fact is, that from the start, the investigating team were fully aware that their analysis would probably be insufficiently sensitive to demonstrate any effects, except the remote possibility of a conspicuous sensitivity of human genes to irradiation. This was not found. Due to the low statistical precision of the analysis all that can be said is that the irradiation received by the exposed parents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki has probably not doubled the occurrence of deformed children in this generation, nor has the number of still-births or neo-natal deaths been increased by a factor greater than 1.8.

The authors of the report sum up their findings as follows: 'We can say of the present study that under circumstances where, on the basis of what is known concerning the radiation genetics of mammals, it appeared unlikely that conspicuous genetic effects of the atomic bombs could be demonstrated, such effects have in fact *not* been demonstrated. . . . The present study can in no way be interpreted to mean that there were no mutations induced in the survivors of the atomic blasts'.

R. M. FRY

High Street
allingford, Berks.

THE 12-MILE LIMIT

SIR,—In a recent issue Naomi Mitchison remarks, in the course of an article on the 12-Mile Limit, that 'the peculiar thing is that the Moray Firth is closed to trawlers, but only British trawlers. Foreign trawlers can, and do, fish there'.

Reference to the *Report of the Committee of the Economic Advisory Council on the Fishing Industry* (1932) may help to elucidate this peculiarity. The question of the Moray Firth is dealt with at length there, pp. 121 to 125. The Committee points out that the Moray Firth was originally closed to trawlers under the Herring Fishing (Scotland) Act of 1889. The Report says: 'It appears that at the time when this Act was passed, few, if any, foreign trawlers fished in the Firth, but after the issue of these by-laws, foreign trawlers made their appearance, at the instigation, so it was thought in some quarters, of British trawling interests which were anxious to test the validity of the Scottish Fishery Board's position'.

In 1906, a test case arose out of the application of these by-laws to foreign vessels, *Mortensen v. Peters*, and the Scottish Fishery Board's position was upheld by the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland. Nevertheless, in 1907, Westminster decided to sacrifice the interests of Scottish inshore fishermen, no doubt to justify the encroachments of British trawlers on Norwegian and Icelandic waters. That is the position: and it is impossible to take seriously the crocodile tears of the trawling industry at being excluded from the Moray Firth, particularly as the Committee of the Economic Advisory Council referred to declared that 'we are satisfied that it is definitely of advantage to the Moray Firth fishermen that the Firth should be closed, even if only partially' (section 375 of Report).

The propaganda of the British trawling monopoly has been remarkably successful in persuading the public that trawling interests are identical with national interests, in order to justify their invasion of Norwegian, Faroese and Icelandic waters, which, if allowed to proceed unchecked, would certainly depopulate these fishing communities in the same way that the Hebrides have been depopulated since the coming of the trawlers. Instead of trying to bully Iceland over this issue, the best thing Great Britain could do would be to put into effect Section 10 of the 1895 Sea Fisheries (Scotland) Act, which provides for a 13-mile limit in Scottish waters, and extend it to England and Wales, promoting a revival of our own inshore fisheries.

J. L. CAMPBELL

Isle of Canna
Scotland

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—I am aware that there are different points of view about the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the allegations that it uses torture. That is why I agreed to attend the murder trial of Mallon and Talbot in Belfast, as an independent English observer for the Connolly Association, and see for myself.

Sitting through the trial, and with some experience in courts, I came to the conclusion that the evidence of Mallon and Talbot was far more convincing than that of the police. Mr Douglas says I was too gullible to look for proof to support the allegations of torture, but presumably he would say the same of the Northern Ireland jury which found the accused Not Guilty.

Lt-Gen. Sir Brian Kimmins says the allegations are 'fantastic' because he found the RUC a considerate and humane force. Yet it might be that the RUC act in one manner in the presence of the British army and in another in a Belfast police cell in the early hours of the morning. I doubt if Sir Brian Kimmins is aware that, during the trial, police witnesses, including a District Inspector, admitted that the accused were interrogated by relays of detectives for periods of many hours, day or night. The Judges Rules forbid such methods which can only be described as barbaric. Equally disturbing was the admission that no records are kept of which detectives attend the police cells for interrogations, for how long they stay or whom they question.

So far as the detention of Mallon and Talbot is concerned, the Attorney-General said after they had been found Not Guilty that there were no further charges against the accused. They were then discharged by the judge but were immediately taken back to prison under a detention order. That was the position when I wrote to the NEW STATESMAN and it deserved comment. The new charges were made two or three days later. And now they have been preferred what difference can they make to my account of what took place at the trial or the plight of the men interned under the Special Powers Act?

Coming to this infamous Act, Mr Douglas claims it is justified by the situation in Northern Ireland.

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Yet even his own description of the situation does no such thing. The liberty of the individual, *Habeas Corpus* and such fundamental rights are not so easily to be put aside. Nor are they so easily restored, as Northern Ireland shows. By virtue of the Special Powers Act a person can be interned in prison indefinitely *without charge or trial* and prevented from seeing his lawyer or relatives. I have seen a man in court, discharged by the judge because the prosecution had no evidence to offer against him, immediately re-arrested and interned. That man languishes in prison today and nothing can be done about so flagrant an injustice. It is a mockery of the courts and of liberty. When a man can be charged in Northern Ireland for as little as reading the wrong newspaper, I am surprised it is suggested that no innocent people are among those in prison without any charge being preferred against them.

Since my first letter appeared in the NEW STATESMAN I have received letters from mothers of young men arrested and interned without charge and many of the cases are truly heartbreaking. Furthermore, the Special Powers Act which has now been in force for 36 years contains many other provisions (space does not permit a catalogue of them, unfortunately) which would come as a terrible shock to most people here if they were more widely known. It is an Act which (despite its long life) was originally passed, in 1922, *for one year only* and now cries out for repeal.

JOHN HOSTETTLER

8 Nutfield Road
Coulsdon

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR,—Mr Wedderburn's article on the composition of the student body at Oxbridge prompts me to draw the attention of your readers to the Greenwich Labour Party's amendment submitted for the agenda of the Labour Party Conference. This calls for the establishment of an independent statutory authority to examine applicants for admission to universities and colleges and to allocate successful applicants to the available places, having regard to the results of the examination in relation to the expressed preferences of the applicants and to the facilities offered by the various institutions.

We may readily agree with Mr. Wedderburn that bias in the selection of students is only a partial explanation of the class composition of Oxbridge and that the elimination of this bias would be by no means an adequate substitute for a Socialist policy on the public schools. However, as the Labour Party apparently intends to permit the public schools to continue to compete with the state's schools, is it not reasonable to ask that the latter should at least be allowed to compete on their merits?

I do not know whether Mr Wedderburn would agree, but it seems to me that there are valid criteria other than the academic standard of the applicants. For example, an important aspect of the colleges at Oxbridge is that they provide residential facilities. Surely there is an element of waste in a situation whereby students with perfectly good homes in London occupy college rooms while students from remote areas have to endure unsatisfactory flats, rooms and basements in London. The specialist facilities offered are another important consideration. A student with an interest in the chemistry of wool fibres, for example, ought to be at Leeds unless there is some very good reason to the contrary.

The Greenwich proposal might be unnecessary if Socialist policy were applied in other aspects of education. But if *Learning to Live* is to be adopted, it seems to me that the amendment from Greenwich is a necessary safeguard.

KEITH J. HANCOCK

3 Foxes Dale
SE3

BANKS AND H.P.

SIR,—The publicity which has attended the announcements from the City during the last fortnight leaves the unfortunate impression that the banks are controlling the economy of the country, and not the government.

The government orders still in force lay down quite clearly the conditions under which many items can be purchased. Are we now to ask the cash customer when he comes to purchase a television receiver if he has connived with the Bank to avoid the government restrictions? The order states that the customer is not to be in possession of the goods unless he has complied with the regulations. The proposals appear to make the regulations farcical and there is a good case to either rescind or amend them immediately.

J. H. KENDALL

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AMERICAN TRAGEDY

SIR,—Surely Arthur Miller's failure to get those 'higher things' evoked by his prefaces, out of the prefaces into the plays, is far more significant than Mr Worsley has suggested. Could it not be that, in seeking to present the little men in a context which raises him to the dignity of tragedy, Mr Miller is trying to do the impossible? That by believing in the survival of evil, he is blinding himself to the truth? Desperately, Mr Miller, like millions of other people in their less articulate way, seeks to convince himself that man is still what he was, that man's estate still and always has the nobility expressed in the great passions.

I believe this to be a fundamental mistake. The very quantities of men in the world, the many Mr Miller wants to present in one, change the quality of man, I no longer remember who it was said that whereas the death of one man, alone, by sudden violence, could be a tragedy, the death of a hundred thousand at one violent stroke could be nothing but a statistic. A symbol for what has happened can be found in the undeniable fact that the quality of a natural 'beauty spot', or a great work of architecture, does not survive when millions go to see and feel it. The idea of an army with banners is a moving one if the army be a few hundred men drilled into an entity with their own consent; but the hundred million men Chairman Mao proposes to put into the field can have no meaning whatsoever. The idea of the Greeks who fought at Marathon and Salamis can still bring tears of feeling to the eyes. Has any man ever wept for the hordes of Xerxes?

Mr Miller's heroes are not tragic because tragedy is no longer appropriate, possible. It is not possible to do what Mr Miller suggests his tragic figure has to do, outrage his Society. There is no outrage where there is scientific explanation; only where, to absorb the outrage, pity and terror and forgiveness are called for. Is it not very much to the point that we do not think of Hitler, the most spectacular figure of our time, as evil? He was no better than an overblown delinquent, a misfit; and he was the incarnation of the little man's worst nature given free reign. The typical 20th-century feat of courage and pioneering is not accomplished by a handful of men undergoing great hardship and suffering, pitting themselves against the gods: it is accomplished by a nameless, faceless team sitting in great physical comfort listening to a juke-box. When a friend of mine, a man of science, read about the juke-box in the *Nautilus* he propounded the interesting theory that there has been one of those changes in the species which puzzle biologists, that *Homo sapiens* has become, or is in the process of becoming, something else, with different attributes. Mr Miller is still writing about *Homo sapiens* but he is trying to make do with men of the new species for his protagonists and since he is too good an artist to falsify, his plays, in this matter of presenting the little man as tragic, necessarily fail. And as, of course, a certain number of members of the old species, a relic, a vestige, survive still, notably in western Europe, and they are the ones who go to Mr Miller's plays, they are a little disappointed.

What can be the purpose of making so depressing a point? Well, one hopes against hope that *Homo sapiens* can make a comeback. But it will have to be done in life before it can be done in the arts. Meanwhile it lies with the creator of fictions in books or on the stage to present us as we are, not as we used to be.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash
Canterbury

THE HINDU

SIR,—Critic has slipped badly in his comments on the strike in the *Hindu* of Madras. As a member of the working committee of the Indian Working Journalists' Federation and also a member of the Wage Board for Working Journalists, whose decisions have been the subject of serious controversy, I have personal knowledge of the *Hindu*, its workings and the strike. However, as Critic has not said anything on the merits of the strike, I, too, refrain. I only wish to point out that the question of caste or communalism does not enter into this business at all.

The Secretary-General of the Journalists' Federation, Mr R. Narasimhan, whose services have been terminated by the *Hindu* and who was one of the leaders of the strike, is not only a Brahmin, but belongs to the same sub-caste as the proprietors of the *Hindu*. Mr R. Venkatraman, Labour Minister of Madras, on whom Mr Kasturi Srinivasan has been pouring the vials of his wrath, is a Brahmin, too. I do not believe in caste and do not claim to belong to any community, but by virtue of my birth—which is about all that matters in caste—I too belong to the same caste as Mr. Srinivasan. That has not prevented his hostility to me or to the Wage Board, six of whose members, including the chairman, were Brahmins, and the seventh was a Christian, more ritualistically Brahminical than most Brahmins.

On the other side, the politicians and political groups who have been vocal in support of the *Hindu* are non-Brahmins. The *Indian Express*, which has expressed itself most virulently in favour of the *Hindu* and against the Madras government in this matter, is owned by a non-Brahmin (Mr Ramnath Goenka) and edited by a non-Brahmin (Mr. Frank Moraes).

G. N. ACHARYA

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AMERICAN LITERATURE

Which Side of the Atlantic: The Writer's Choice

THIS spring, between stops in the United States, I found myself day-dreaming about whether I would rather have been an American or an English writer. It was slightly more concrete than a day-dream; for a number of writers on both sides of the Atlantic the choice exists. It doesn't for me; I am a natural Whig. But the choice existed for Henry James, T. S. Eliot and Auden. It might do so now for Amis or Wain.

The truth is, like it or not, that American and English writing still interweave as no other major literary cultures have ever done. For all the debating points made on both sides, for all the mutual irritation and envy, I doubt whether, in any strict sense, the two cultures are yet anything like completely separable.

That is why it is still open to a few English and American writers to choose which they are going to be. To opt for the other culture requires, of course, certain kinds of temperament and talent. I am thinking of people who want to make the most of their talent, and who are tough and confident enough to believe that the other side of the Anglo-American culture may be a more encouraging climate than their own. They may be right, as James and Eliot demonstrably were. But, apart from romantic myth-making about the other country – which Americans still go in for about us, which young English writers increasingly do about them, and which in itself can be an origin for some kinds of art, as it was for part of James's – apart from that, the balance of advantage between being an English or American writer seems to me surprisingly even. There are plenty of general arguments both ways, but I believe there is only one of them that could reasonably decide anyone's choice.

It wouldn't affect a contemporary Henry James in reverse, for instance, that Americans have less feeling for the realistic novel than we have. We have to accept the case, put forward by Harry Levin in *The Power of Blackness* and by Richard Chase in *The American Tradition*, that in the novel the Americans – Hawthorne, Melville, Faulkner – have been led to produce works of the 'extreme' imagination. Either symbolism or naturalism, but not realism – that has been the American drift. It makes sense; it fits American social patterns. But it wouldn't prevent a realistic novelist of enough authority forcing himself into American consideration these next ten years.

Then the language – American-English *v.* English-English. Just as Americans are absurdly humble about whole domains of their literary equipment – the weight of their scholarship, the width and depth and intellectual sophistication of their best criticism, for example – so it is the fashion for Englishmen to prostrate themselves about the language, to speak as though having used the language for a good many hundred years was a fatal disqualification against ever using it again. A lot of English writers are so dazzled by the vernacular crackle of American-English that they don't hear other things. They don't hear, what worries a good many Americans when they get to work on discursive prose, that in a good many ways American-English is a significantly more abstract language than ours is. We say: 'I want to book a seat'. Americans say: 'I want to make a reservation'. That is part of common speech and works itself into the discursive prose. There is a great richness, sparkle and invention in many of the American vernaculars, but the thought-frame is often not as direct as in English-English. You see a curious result of this in what, west of the Mississippi, I heard described as the 'Cleveland-Chicago style', which consists of a bizarre mixture of naturalistic vernacular set in a commentary of uneasy and inflated Mandarin. For a writer's purposes, the gains and losses linguistically about cancel out.

There is another argument, far more substantial, that, if it were clear-cut, would certainly tip the choice. Even though it is not clear-cut, it is near enough to the bone to inhibit contemporary Americans from doing a Henry James or a T. S. Eliot. I have talked to two gifted Americans who would, without any doubt at all, be great successes in literary England. They have thought about it; our culture would suit them; but they won't come. Somehow they couldn't do it; it would go against instinct and their sense of history. There is nothing mysterious about this; the balance of power has changed, and everyone feels in his bones that great literatures belong to countries at the peak of their power (as in fact they have done – Periclean Athens, Racine's France, nineteenth-century England – and sometimes to countries with the future in their eyes – Elizabethan England and nineteenth-century Russia).

If the US were really sitting pretty, as unchallengeably at the peak of its power as England was, say, in 1830, with fifty invulnerable years as Top Nation ahead, then I should passionately envy American writers. But I do not see their position in those terms at all; I believe that essentially we are in the same boat. Of course they are richer and, as far as consumer goods go, likely to stay the richest country on earth. But that only exaggerates the true position, which is that the whole West, and the US as the leaders of the West, are a privileged enclave in the geo-social struggle, and that the real ferocity of advance, the dynamic social hope, lies in the great impoverished populations of the East just industrialising themselves, determined to have their share. It is conceivable that this is going to be the century of the Common Man, but not as the phrase was originally intended. For the Iowa farmer, the Los Angeles operative, are not in the least Common Men by the present world scale: they are privileged almost beyond belief. The genuine Common Men are the Chinese and Indian peasants; and reflective persons in the US as well as here are beginning to become aware that *their* condition is going to affect the fate of all mankind.

It is within the tension of that situation that we all sit and write. Not that we need give up our social hope. Given adequate foresight and nerve and goodwill, the problems can be solved. Nevertheless, the prospect takes a good deal of the buoyancy from American intellectuals – more, I sometimes think, than from us. Some of my American friends, such as Max Lerner, will quarrel with that last statement. Lerner thinks they are still more buoyant than we are. Within my experience, that does not seem to be the case. I don't feel in American writing today much of that gust of longing for the future that one finds in the nineteenth-century Russians, nor the wind of the continental spaces. As with us, American writers are adjusting themselves to a more difficult situation, to living in an advanced managerial society, more specialised, more pluralistic, harder to comprehend imaginatively than ours – while the rest of the world, apart from their poorer relations here and in Western Europe, are struggling in the short term to keep alive.

That seems to me the basic social insight which most American writers have come to live with. Even more than we, they are writing inside an advanced industrial society in its extreme form. The problems tend to be extreme, the solutions even more so. For instance, it is quite clear that in contemporary America, as in contemporary England, not many serious writers are going to earn a living out of their books alone. The potential rewards for one or two writers – the 'jackpot' – are, of course, enormous, but most are never going to get them. Faulkner was middle-aged, Robert Frost old, before they drew a modest professional income from their creative writing. In an inflationary economy, this brutal fact about the career of letters is going to become a good deal more brutal.

The English and American responses to the fact are quite different. In England, which is a very small country, where anyone in the same profession is, at the worst, only one contact away from anyone else, we rely on a kind of private system of responsibility, and a little state help in the form of the BBC. If anyone of talent comes along, he will usually get a bit of help; the tradition of behaving like good uncles or aunts has descended in a peculiar line which includes Dickens, Trollope, Henry James, Bennett, Galsworthy and the Sitwells; after the good uncles or aunts, the nexus, very intimate in England, of literary journalism-broadcasting-publishing will do something to keep the talented man afloat.

In the US, which is a very large country, and where even in New York distinguished literary figures show a cheerful unawareness of each other's existence, the solution is out of comparison more drastic. It is nothing more nor less than to put the burden of literary patronage on to the universities. A great apparatus of visiting professorships, lectureships, fellowships, has sprung up which is providing a living, or the best part of a living, for an astonishing proportion of the best talents in the country. With

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about three exceptions, nearly every American who has been critically 'heard of' over here, has had some help – and I mean help in the simple financial sense – from universities. A great many people whom we think of as professional writers are, or have been, permanent academics, or at least are regular teachers for half the year – Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, Trilling, John Crowe Ransom, O'Connor, Edel, Macauley, Kazin, Mary McCarthy, Burke, Jarrell, Saul Bellow, Bourjaily, Stegner, and so on.

At present this is a dramatic difference between the two cultures. Perhaps, as with many American developments, it is a consequence of advanced industrial society, and in the long run we shall follow suit. At any rate, it is having many deep effects on American writing here and now. Writers are living in comfort and security in the US as nowhere else. The wandering writer-scholars go from campus to campus, teaching a session at Iowa State, a session at Northwestern, a session at Stanford. They earn enough to get by, and a good deal more than their English equivalents. A very few will earn a lot of money in time from their books. A somewhat larger number will get *succès d'estime*, and with that the kind of well-paid journalism that *succès d'estime* carries with it in the US. The rest will have a more agreeable life than most writers. American universities, which have received so much lip from ignorant Englishmen, are singularly attractive places to live in.

Yet American writers lose, as well as gain, by living in them. Universities, even American universities, more tolerant of creative writing than ours, are bound to be more critical than creative in their literary climate. It is right that they should be: but it isn't an easy, or altogether a healthy, climate to write in. It makes it harder for a man to write simply – not to disguise, by artificial irony or group mannerism, the solemnity of the moment in which he stands. I think there is a danger that the academic ties will tend to make American writing more convoluted, more packed with invented symbols and ironies, altogether more Alexandrian.

There are great merits on the other side. The amount of intellectual horse-power being pumped into American literary discourse must be as much as in the rest of the world put together. I find myself increasingly admiring, as I read or listen to such men as Trilling, Levin, Henry Nash Smith, their sheer intellectual appetite, their ability to bring to bear upon a literary *point d'appui* every kind of intellectual resource, sociological, psychological, historical. High-level American literary debate makes much of ours seem amateur and lightweight; and this edge and training saves them from some of our follies.

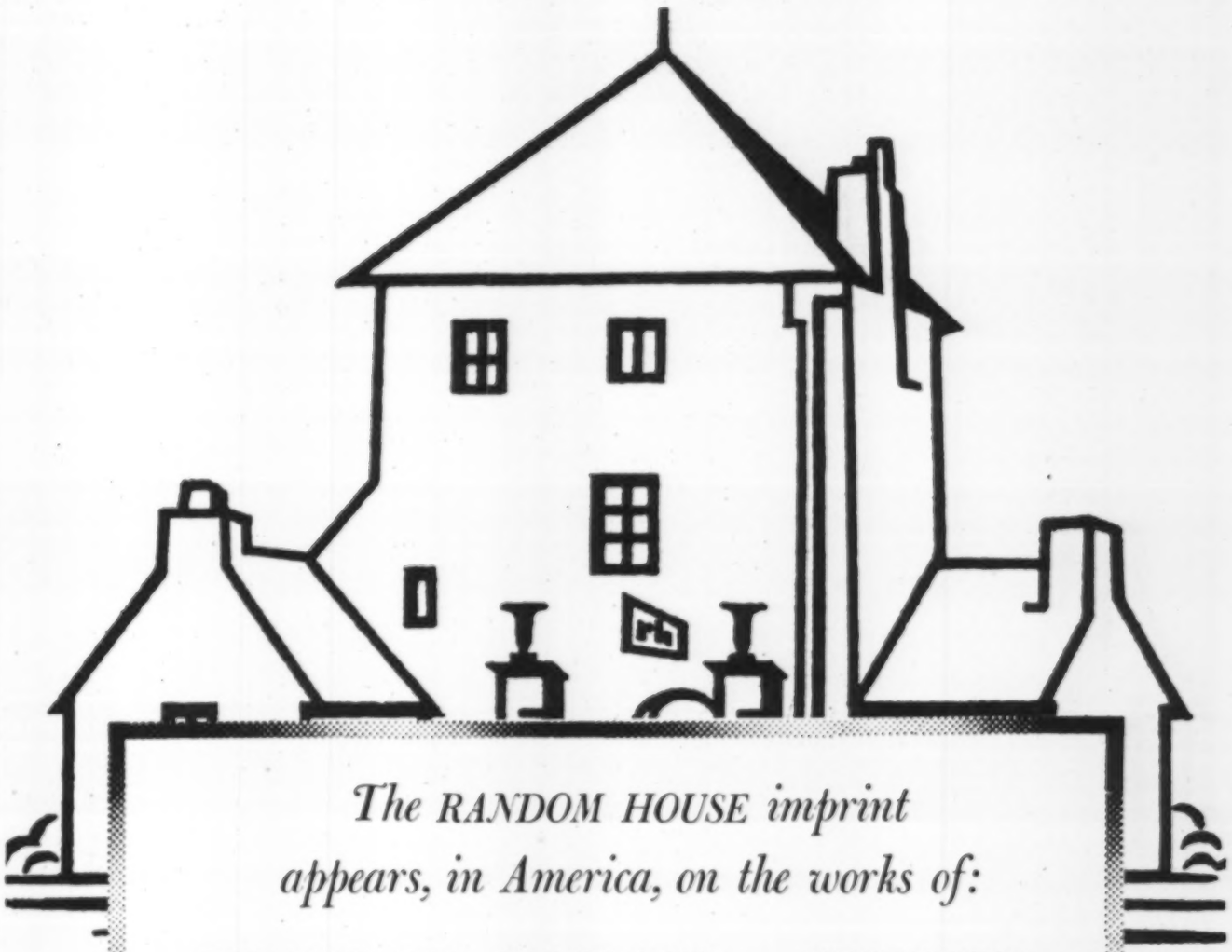
And also, in such a large and pluralist society, collective hypnotism can't operate as in a literary capital like London. In London one often knows, months before a book is published, either that it is damned in advance, or that it is going to become the fashionable rage. That happens with popular successes in New York, but almost not at all with serious works. There are, of course, coteries in the US. But there are so many counter-influences that no coterie can do much to make a reputation.

That is admirable. In some ways, it is almost too admirable. I have occasionally found myself thinking that it is altogether too hard for an American writer to make a reputation. Who has one? One wonders, rather like the young Proust wondering who is really grand. Salinger? Undergraduates' enthusiasm. McCullers? No head. McCarthy? No heart. How *does* an American writer make a reputation? Everyone agrees that reviews in New York don't even start to do the trick. *Partisan, Kenyon*, etc.? – respected, but no one can point to a reputation made that way. Has any novelist since Faulkner won anything like general serious recognition? No one is sure. Probably not. Meanwhile the centres of literary opinion proliferate and divide; literary society, like all American society, is more pluralistic than we can imagine. The new advance guard, the Structural Linguists, round on the New Critics as amiable old pipe-smoking fuddy-duddies, just as the New Critics got to work on Georgian survivals thirty years ago.

Up to now, the score has been a little, but not decisively, in the American writers' favour. But there is one last general argument which might for some of us clinch the matter. If I were choosing, it would be decisive, and would make me stay here. It is simply that here we know our audience. In America the writers don't really know whom they are writing for – apart from their fellow writer-scholars. Of course, any writer in an ultimate sense writes for himself: but he writes for himself in the presence of an audience over his shoulder, so to speak. The presence, constitution, critical powers and responsiveness of the audience will interact with what he writes. A writer is likely to reach his creative best if the audience is sufficiently like him, so that he can speak in his own tone of voice, and at the same time sufficiently diverse to drive him to find his own special kind of originality. Compared with American writers, we are very lucky in both respects. Any reading public is a tiny minority of the whole population; with us, in a much more homogeneous society than the American, that minority shares enough assumptions to be a good audience, and is also pleasingly wide-spaced. For the present, at least, we have not left reading entirely to fellow-professionals: and I have no doubt that that is very salutary for a literature.

It is the variety of experience of the audience that gives it its authority, and so strengthens the writer's confidence. For example, Mr Macmillan, Mr Butler, Mr Gaitskell are all deeply read men, interested in contemporary work; so are a good sprinkling of other members of the House. That would also be true of a surprisingly high proportion of civil servants and miscellaneous administrative bosses. So our audience scatters itself through society, quite wide and quite deep, from the powerful to the young students – it is bracing for a writer to be read by both, and we should all like to be. In England, the society is so compact that we realise this is happening: we know, almost in a personal sense, whom we are writing for. An American writer can't; he feels much more lost. Do American politicians, civil servants, schoolteachers, read as ours do? If they do, the writers do not feel their response. That, I think, is the one great creative stimulus we have, which is denied to them.

C. P. Snow



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when I was a boy at Mattapoisett –
only Mother, still her Father's daughter.
Her voice was still electric
with an hysterical, unmarried panic,
when she read to me from the Napoleon book.
Long-nosed Marie Louise
Hapsburg in the frontispiece
had a downright Boston bashfulness,
as she grovelled to Bonaparte, who scratched
his navel,
and bolted his food – just my seven years tall!
And I, bristling and manic,
skulked in the attic,
and got two hundred French generals by name,
from *A* to *V* – from Augereau to Vandamme.
I used to dope myself asleep,
naming those unpronounceables like sheep.

Having a naval officer
for my Father was nothing to shout
about to the summer colony at 'Matt'.
He wasn't at all 'serious',
when he showed up on the golf course,
wearing a blue serge jacket and numbly cut
white ducks he'd bought
at a Pearl Harbor commissariat . . .
and took four shots with his putter to sink
his putt.
'Bob,' they said, 'golf's a game you really ought
to know how to play,
if you play at all'.
They wrote him off as 'naval',
naturally supposed his sport was sailing.
Poor Father, his training was engineering!
Cheerful and cowed
among the seadogs at the Sunday yacht club,
he was never one of the crowd.

'Anchors aweigh,' Daddy boomed in his bathtub,
'Anchors aweigh,'
when Lever Brothers offered to pay
him double what the Navy paid.
I nagged for his dress sword with gold braid,
and cringed because Mother, new
caps on all her teeth, was born anew
at forty. With seamanlike celerity,
Father left the Navy,
and deeded Mother his property.

He was soon fired. Year after year,
he still hummed 'Anchors aweigh' in the tub –
whenever he left a job,
he bought a smarter car.
Father's last employer
was Scudder, Stevens and Clark, Investment
Advisors –
himself his only client.
While Mother dragged to bed alone,
read Menninger,
and grew more and more suspicious –
he grew defiant.
Night after night,
à la clarté déserte de sa lampe,
he slid his ivory Annapolis slide-rule
across a pad of graphs –
piker speculations! In three years
he squandered sixty thousand dollars.

Smiling on all,
Father was once successful enough to be lost
in the mob of ruling-class Bostonians.
As early as 1928,
he owned a house converted to oil,
and redecorated by the architect
of St Mark's School . . . Its main effect
was a drawing room, 'longitudinal as Versailles';
its ceiling, roughened with oatmeal, was blue as
the sea.
And once
nineteen, the youngest ensign in his class,
he was 'the old man' of a gunboat on the Yangtze.

ROBERT LOWELL

The Renewal

I

What glories would we? Motions of the soul?
The centaur and the sibyl romp and sing
Within the reach of my imagining –
Such affirmations are perpetual.
I teach my sighs to lengthen into songs,
Yet, like a tree, endure the shift of things.

II

The night wind rises. Does my father live?
Dark hangs upon the waters of the soul;
My flesh is breathing slower than a wall.
Love alters all. Unblood my instinct, love.
These waters drowse me into sleep so kind
I walk as if my face would kiss the wind.

III

Sudden renewal of the self – from where?
A raw ghost drinks the fluid in my spine;
I know I love, yet know not where I am;
I paw the dark, the shifting midnight air.
Will the self, lost, be found again? In form?
I walk the night to keep my five wits warm.

IV

Dry bones! Dry bones! I find my loving heart
Illumination brought to such a pitch
I see the rubblestones begin to stretch
As if reality had split apart
And the whole motion of the soul lay bare –
I find that love, and I am everywhere.

THEODORE ROETHKE

The Place

I

Eventually one finds
There is no environment
Patent for the poetic.

Any place will do.
Alas! One thought of a gold
Hullabaloo, a place of glass

Refinement with subtleties
Crossing the transparency
As lively as mind's images.

One thought of a vast portico
With appropriate, energised
Gods and beings, rich purposes.

Alas! Any place will do.
There is no poetical place,
America continues its practices.

Final toughness of the word,
The word bawling imperfections,
Its paradox to be heard.

II

There used to be
The violent struggle
For place, the right
Place poetic in countries
Or cities or underground,
The right place

Was thought emergent
And to harbor you,
Hello! Poetry Place.

The subconscious was
Nearest, perhaps dearest,
Anyway sheerest

But always fleering off.
Ways you went! Allurement
In echoic happiness.

There was no place for poetry.
Entrenched, my flesh is
Poetry's environment.

RICHARD EBERHART

The Beat Generation

THE despondency trailing after the American way of life has for a long time been the subject of American writers. A dream has been spoiled. Or it has turned into a nightmare. The idea that organised society is an evil in itself is perennial in American literature; one can trace the theme in Fenimore Cooper, in *Huckleberry Finn*, in Melville, Thoreau, Henry Miller, Hemingway. It changes but it is always there. Huck Finn wanted 'to light out to the territory'. The narrator of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* – the moving spirit of the 'beat generation', the latest variant – dreams of 'going West to see the country' and he does so in the company of an hysterical minor delinquent. Once in the West he looks back and sees the wide howling spaces of American loneliness are in the East as well: there is always the 'brickwall dawn', the people looking like 'broken down movie extras, a lemon lot'. It is all 'Where go? What do? What for – sleep.' In Huck Finn's time the territory was open; now it is closed. Whether we regard it as land or a state of mind it is locked up and owned by the Squares, the good citizens with the dollars and the neutralising psychiatrists. The only territory to light out into is the inside country of the 'beat', *i.e.* of the sick, the irresponsible, the delinquent, the psychopath, the disaffiliated, who have slipped out of it and have become malingerers or casualties. Have the courage to light out into the ruthlessness of the serious neurotic, and one has freedom. One rediscovers the painful, innocent self, the 'sweet' personality with its 'sweet nauseas' – 'sweet' is a favourite word – the self the totalitarian hammer has cracked. In the coming anarchy, one will at least be equipped to survive in a world made for psychopaths. For the psychopath has had to try to come to terms with the violence inside himself.

There are Kerouac's novels. An anthology edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg (Citadel Press) has Allen Ginsberg's outburst of hate, the jazz poem *Howl*, there are extracts from Clellon Holmes who defined 'beat' as 'being at the bottom of your personality looking up'. George Mandel, R. V. Cassill, Anatole Broyard and 'William Lee' are other names. They write about the riff-raff, the night-life crowd on Times Square, the whamming and whooshing Bohemian intellectuals. The anthology is valuable for a speculative essay by Norman Mailer on 'beat' or hipster culture, and for a campaigning piece attacking university literature, by the poet Kenneth Rexroth who grants that all the cracked can't be good.

At first sight, the 'beat' are a new version of the 'lost generation', but gone downhill. It is not a

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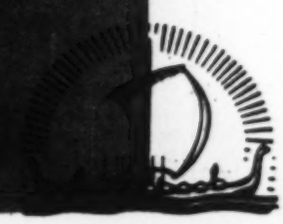

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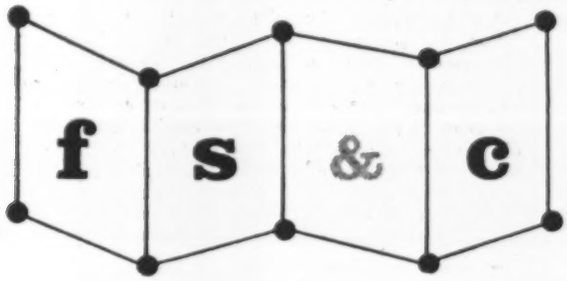
rich boys' movement. There are likenesses between post-1918 and post-1945, but there are decisively important differences. The 'lost' were fertilised by contact with Europe in the latest glow of its genius; they were also hedonists, out for themselves. The 'beat', in spite of their gestures towards existentialism and their debt to Genet, are purely American; they have a cultural link with the Negro in their religious feeling for jazz; and although they are all out for kicks, sex, marijuana, alcohol, fast cars, petty theft and vagrancy, and appal the neighbourhood by their parties, their suicides and asylum cases, they are not living for pleasure. Each one is 'digging' a self out of which, one day, a society less repellent to the individual soul than our own, might slowly form itself. At the height of the orgy, on the point of passing out, in the drug vision, the jazz orgasm, even in the hell of the insulin or shock treatment, they will prepare to 'dig' their experience. Relaxed, garrulous, dizzy, helping each other in those phases in which they are 'hung up', they are not puritanical but have the chummy, secretive, wandering patience of inmates with one another. They are, above all, not tough. The atmosphere is even wet and confessional – not of sin but of trivial personal feelings. For the reader of the 'beat' writings, it is a relief that the adept have no creed. Their tenderness, energy and restlessness have to suffice in a world where values are dissolved. They are of course exposed to a strong risk of becoming Squares in the end; even some alarming breed of neo-Fascist Square, if an astute leader decided to use their nihilism. Mr Rexroth notes this danger. One remembers what happened to the homely Wandervögel. Only an exorbitantly rich and scantily populated continent could support this new manifestation of the vagrant or Polyanna aspect of the American character. Only a boom could support a movement dedicated to poverty, where one gets along by odd jobs of dishwashing, fruit-picking, and 'tea' hawking.

The interest of the literary movement is in its claim to be at the source of a living popular culture. The hipster and cool cats have a strong following outside the United States. Mr Norman Mailer calls the hipster 'the white Negro', for in our kind of society, where we live in the knowledge of the racial massacres, the concentration camp, the helpless soldier, we are drifting into the helpless condition of the Negro who is a psychopath because his life has no certainty. The hipster has certainly created a mode. In jazz he has a ritual; anyone who has listened to it in Birdland on Broadway will have noted the ritual grip. He has an artful, secret language which the jazz musicians have carried over the world. The frontier is not 'out West'. It is the characteristic city frontier: the boundary between night and day. The hipster's life is night life. Ourselves, the office-bound Squares, belong to the totalitarian day. The key words are: man – all injunctions and revelations begin with this old English grammar-school word of 1910 – go, put down, make, beat, cool, dig, flip, swing, crazy, creep. I skip through Mr Mailer's instructive glossary:

> 'Go' with its sense that after hours, or days or months or years of monotony, boredom and depression, one has finally had one's chance . . . one has amassed enough energy for the flip (up or down) . . . for the gamble . . . where one can make it. . . . And find more people with whom one can swing. For to swing is to communicate.

To be cool is to be equipped and every cool cat – I paraphrase Mr Mailer – is absorbed in his own 'tumultuous hypotheses' which are 'way out' or 'interesting' or (as the Squares would say) crazy. If two cats are way out they are in the same groove and they dig because knowledge is 'buried in the pain of one's forgotten experience'. If you are not cool, you can be put down; you have lost your will and confidence. You are a flip and you are beat. It is noticeable that the writers who have drawn on the hipster have defined themselves as 'beat' and that is the impression their work makes. But, always remember, the Squares are about to blow their society to bits. Mr Kenneth Rexroth agrees that 'the emptied-out life of the hipster' and his nihilism are self-destructive; but for him the revolutionary value of the 'beat' writers is that they have disengaged themselves, especially from the cultural grip of the American universities whose hand has lain very heavily on the majority of American writers since 1931. The revolt was bound to come, but he does not notice that the popular literature he admires – crime, science and horror fiction – is a well-organised commercial product, invented and exploited by Squares. It is not popular at all; it is imposed from above. The wretched reader of pulp literature is encouraged to dream of sins and orgies he is forbidden to enact. French critics – Sartre, for example – were right in complaining of the lack of an intellectual digestive in the American appetite for experience. Mr Rexroth has no more than one idea.

The 'beats' reached literary respectability in Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*. The narrator of the novel has one foot in the Square world, for he can always get 50 dollars off his aunt, he is writing a novel and shipping a script to Hollywood, and he agrees with his aunt that he will never make good if he hangs around much longer with his Bohemian friends. So the book has some air of a search for copy. But he is a clean narrative writer, pure and true in line, whose every word is as clear as a pebble. He has the American genius for restlessness and movement. He 'goes', though it is true that he merely goes on and on. He watches everyone else 'going' and, from first to last, the delight of the eye and ear never drops. The novel is entirely about a number of crazy journeys in fast cars all over the continent, in the company of a spell-binding, incoherent friend, a reform-school boy whose criminal side has been straightened up by the analysts. Dean is a frenzied, somnambulistic ex-juvenile, living with two or three wives, 'gunning' for girls, drugging, drinking, sponging, howling, laughing, whoring, getting 'kicks' and 'digging' everything. A shocking guest and a man who will infallibly let any friend down in a jam, his spell is in his crazy behaviour and his meddling, tender seriousness as a listener. You tell him your problems and six months later he will cross the continent because he has accumulated an enormous mouthful of half-baked ejaculations bearing on the subject. That old dream you told him: well, of course, the shrouded figure in the desert was Death. He is a 'W. C. Fields mystic'. In the end we leave him on the sidewalk in New York, dirty, ragged, reduced to speechlessness by drugs, the sainted vagrant who is already a holy nuisance. The gang tear about the continent in an old Hudson at 70, with the radio playing Bop day and night. They pick up easy money in odd jobs. In any strange sense they have no adventures, though there is a good deal of comedy when they pile in on someone trying to live a quiet life. But one does get an astonishing, detailed picture of their hourly lives, their awkward love affairs, and their ecstatic sense that something is happening to them; there is the verve of preoccupied youth. Above all, any human being interests them and they are all interested deeply and personally in one another, with a sort of detached tenderness – there is a remarkable absence of hatred among the beat; even the women, always badly treated, are amenable. Dean picks up a reform-school boy and 'digs' him for a few minutes



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and then gets back into the ramshackle car:

> 'What a crazy cat that was, whoo! Did I dig him! I used to know thousands of guys like that, they're all the same, their minds work in uniform clockwork, oh, the infinite ramifications, no time, no time. . . .' And he shot up the car, hunched over the wheel, and roared out of El Paso. 'We'll just have to pick up hitchhikers. I'm positive we'll find some. Hup! hup! here we go. Look out!' he yelled at a motorist, and swung around him, and dodged a truck and bounced over the city limits. Across the river were the jewel lights of Juarez and the sad dry land and the jewel stars of Chihuahua. Marylou was watching Dean as she had watched him clear across the country and back, out of the corner of her eye—with a sullen, sad air, as though she wanted to cut off his head and hide it in her closet, an envious and rueful love of him so amazingly himself, all raging and sniffy and crazy-wayed, a smile of tender dotage but also sinister envy that frightened me about her, a love she knew would never bear fruit because when she looked at his hangjawed bony face with its male self-containment and absentmindedness she knew he was too mad. Dean was convinced Marylou was a whore; he confided in me that she was a pathological liar. But when she watched him like this it was love too; and when Dean noticed he always turned with his big false flirtatious smile, with the eyelashes fluttering and the teeth pearly white, while a moment ago he was only dreaming in his eternity. Then Marylou and I both laughed—and Dean gave no sign of discomfiture, just a goofy glad grin that said to us Ain't we gettin' our kicks *anyway?* And that was it.

The bitterness and disgust which marked the American attempts at the picaresque novel in the Thirties, the one-up-manship which mars Hemingway and makes him false, is absent. On the other hand, Kerouac's range of experience is very narrow and he is interminable. There is a brief idyll in New Mexico in which he ventures among an older race who know more about life than his narrator does; but outside of that he does not go. The exciting thing—at any rate to a foreign reader—is the easy, natural, felt wonder at the sight of the American continent. One smells the Mississippi, one feels the warmth of the summer after the northern winter, one has the dramatic sensation of loneliness. Impatiently concerned with themselves and their wild travelling, the group are continually knocked back by the people and things they are seeing in American landscape and life. There is intimacy without tedium and without the awful emotionalism and outpouring which wrecked the novels of Thomas Wolfe, with whom Kerouac has been recklessly compared. From *On the Road* one picks up the jargon, the rituals, and interests of the 'beats', their naivety, their basic sentimentality. It is a document which must be read together with Norman Mailer's speculations. These are not (at the time of writing) borne out by Kerouac. Whether they are depends on whether the movement is a movement, or is just one more American circus already half over. Probably not: one thing a very standardised society always produces sooner or later, is a strong pocket of anarchism. Here the State is withering away in a puff of marijuana. You wake up; the State is still there.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Probing the American Experience

It has become a commonplace in the United States to talk about the 'boom' in history. There are indeed abundant evidences of a revival of interest in the past and especially in the American past. Historical novels, of course, have always been popular in America. But now there are book clubs dedicated exclusively to the distribution of non-fictional historical writing. A new magazine, *American Heritage*, with amiable historical essays surrounded by expensive illustrations, has a circulation as large as the *Atlantic Monthly* and several times that of the *New Republic*. Thousands of American families make pilgrimages to the colonial restoration at Williamsburg every year. Children's books go in more than ever for historical heroes and episodes: one series—Random House's Landmark Books—has sold nearly five million copies in less than a decade. A third of American colleges now require American history for a degree; and most large universities offer graduate degrees in a new area called (optimistically perhaps) American Civilisation. With the centennial of the American Civil War impending in 1961, one must dig in against a landslide of books on the battles, generals and politicians—not to speak of the symbols, myths, social structure, interpersonal relationships and sex habits—of the Union and the Confederacy.

But there is something lacking. Just as the current American religious revival has everything except religion, so the historical revival seems to have nearly everything except history. It mostly deals, not in the critical reconstruction of the past which is the historian's business, but in pseudo-history—in antiquarianism, monuments, shrines, American primitives, patriotic self-approbation and nostalgia. So, just as serious neo-orthodox theologians regard the Billy Grahams and Norman Vincent Peales with revulsion, serious technical historians tend to recoil from the historical boom, reject the popular audience and retire to their own specialisations with redoubled zeal.

There is nothing new about this separation between the technical historian and the cultivated public. In spite of a splendid early tradition—from George Bancroft to Henry Adams—of brilliant non-professionals addressing wide audiences on historical topics, the onward march of German professionalism proved irresistible in the United States in the last years of the nineteenth century. The result was the triumph of the Ph.D. system, the beginning of commitment to narrow specialisation, the establishment of the monograph as the ordained medium of historical publication, and the steady withdrawal of the technical historian from general intellectual discourse. These are still dominating characteristics of the historical profession in America. Professional historians who write for audiences larger than their graduate students risk the disdain, if not the active hostility, of many of their colleagues.

Nevertheless, there is some indication that the authority of the monograph is declining. One notes a new readiness on the part of some of our best professionals to undertake comprehensive, multi-volume works—Dumas Malone's biography of Thomas Jefferson, for example, Arthur Link's of Woodrow Wilson, Frank Freidel's of Franklin Roosevelt; or even more to the point Allan Nevins's volumes (*Ordeal of the Union* and *The Emergence of Lincoln*) superseding James Ford Rhodes on the eighteen-fifties, the distinguished climax of the career of an excellent historian whose reputation within the profession would doubtless be twice as great if he had written half as much.

As the focus widens, as the historian moves beyond the minute factual problem, he can no longer keep larger questions of historical interpretation out of his consideration. The lively minds

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in the profession are already displaying a marked readiness to experiment in historical method. At the moment, the kinetic field in American historiography is certainly intellectual history; and intellectual history is providing the means not just of pursuing its own purposes – the origin and impact of ideas – but of restoring fertility to apparently exhausted tracts of conventional history. Seen through the perspective of ideas, political, constitutional and institutional history acquire a new force and vitality. Richard Hofstadter, for example, has shown brilliantly in *The Age of Reform* how intellectual history can rejuvenate political history. Some historians are even approaching such jaded subjects as the frontier and Jacksonian democracy through the analysis of myth and metaphor, writing history as if it were a branch of the New Criticism; Henry Nash Smith's imaginative *Virgin Land* was the first significant work of this sort, and Marvin Meyers's *The Jacksonian Persuasion* a recent example.

The rise of intellectual history has been accompanied by a growing interest on the part of younger historians in the ideas and techniques (sometimes, alas, in the vocabulary) of the so-called 'behavioural sciences'. These sciences – sociology, social psychology, social anthropology – have been much pushed by the foundations; the Ford Foundation has even set up a centre at Stanford University where historians and behavioural scientists are encouraged to engage in intellectual cohabitation. For some historians, the behavioural sciences have proved a rather heady potion. For example, that influential work *The Authoritarian Personality* of T. W. Adorno and associates beguiled one or two into attributing racial intolerance primarily to rigid parental authority, as if parents south of the Mason-Dixon line were notably more authoritarian than parents in Massachusetts or Minnesota. Similarly the phenomenon of McCarthyism is traced to 'status anxiety' in that stimulating book *The New American Right;* yet this ascription seems both unhistorical and naive in view of the fact that McCarthyism perished with the Korean War while status anxiety remains as acute as ever.

The ultimate intellectual implication of the behavioural sciences is rather ominous for history. The deeper thrust of the 'behaviouralist' approach seems to be to expel ideas and free choice from history and reduce everything to a set of reflexes conditioned, according to the school, by class or status or ethnic group or the traumas of infancy. This is often accompanied by a passion for quantification carrying with it the unspoken assumption that problems not susceptible to quantitative resolution are not worth consideration. (The behavioural scientists thus play rather the role in the United States that Professor Butterfield attributes to Sir Lewis Namier and his followers in England.) Nonetheless, the practical effect of the exposure of historians to the behavioural sciences should be for the good. Already the experience has opened up a new range of issues to history – questions of social mobility, acculturation, status tension and social myth. Anything which makes American historians *think* cannot help benefiting the profession.

Still, if intellectual history and the behavioural sciences are causing a valuable ferment, the dismal fact remains that at present the professional historian does not matter much in the general intellectual life of the United States, in the sense that men like Berlin, Taylor, Namier, Brogan, Butterfield, Toynbee, Trevor-Roper count for something outside the profession in England (or, indeed, in the sense that Beard, Becker and Turner counted for something a generation ago in America). The American historian seems too often unreflective, pedantic and sterile. He does not ask himself the questions likely to produce answers that would make a difference to society. The editor of the *American Historical Review* recently wrote a little sadly about the essays submitted to his journal last year, 'But a handful attempted to formulate, and test with evidence, new and fertile hypotheses which might enrich our understanding of the past'. 'Bold new views', he added, were especially lacking among those writing in the field of American history. Last December Professor William L. Langer startled the American Historical Association by appealing in his presidential address to his colleagues to read Freud.

Part of the reason for the aridity of technical history is the suffocating effect of false conceptions of professional decorum – the fear that the historian corrupts himself when he writes for a non-professional audience. The aridity is also the consequence of an educational system geared to the production each year of enough teachers to meet the needs of American mass education. As Oscar Handlin has put it, 'The profession does not aim to produce more than a few score original creative scholars. Rather its objective is to supply the thousands of teachers with the cachet of the Ph.D. that the hundreds of collegiate institutions and advanced secondary schools demand of it'. Doubtless another reason is the fact that historians, too, have succumbed to the homogenising atmosphere of the age of Eisenhower. I don't mean that they have been enlisted, like physicists, in the cold war; there has been neither the effort to do this on the part of government nor the desire on the part of the profession. But, for one reason or another, historians have relaxed from their scepticism of the Twenties and Thirties and flinch from the searching question and the iconoclastic conclusion.

If historians are doing little to illuminate the deeper issues of the American experience, neither, it must be said, are contemporary American political writers. Political journalism, in particular, has gone into a melancholy decay. A comparison of Robert Donovan's vapid 'inside' book about the Eisenhower administration with the similar and far more critical 'inside' works of Ernest Lindley about the first Roosevelt term, and of Joseph Alsop about the second, illustrates the decline. Under the influence of *Time*, the relentless notation of external detail (the colour of a man's suit, the condition of his hair and what he had for dinner) has created a spurious conception of journalistic 'truth' which has driven out analysis and ideas. Some of the columnists still do well – Walter Lippmann has never in a long and uncommonly articulate life been more wise and trenchant than in the last two years; Mr Alsop continues lively and apocalyptic; Doris Fleeson writes an exceptionally astute daily commentary; James Wechsler, James Reston, Marquis Childs, William V. Shannon and the *New Republic's* T.R.B. (Richard Strout) are generally worth reading. Murray Kempton contributes an intermittently brilliant column to the *New York Post*, and Richard Rovere writes perceptively of politics for the *New Yorker*. One political journalist – Samuel Lubell – has had far more impact than any political scientist in making people reconsider the electoral processes of American politics. But these are exceptions in a generally boring flow of articles and books on the political situation. As for more pretentious political writing, the hot-house attempt to breed a New Conservatism in the United States has produced stillborn results, and liberalism has not yet emancipated itself from the doctrines of the nineteen-thirties.

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The Two Voices of American Prose

ONCE upon a time there were two literatures in the States. Mr Philip Rahv called them paleface and redskin and defined them in a series of antitheses: patrician and plebeian, symbolist and naturalist, highbrow and lowbrow, Boston and the frontier, James and Whitman, Hawthorne and Mark Twain.

But the fundamental difference between them was their Americanism. The redskins faced west. They were, or tried to be, tough, unfooled and direct, having no time for sophistication and aesthetic elegance, but given, on the subject of their native land, to uplift. Their business was to accept America, present it in all its rawness, and to judge nothing. Their language was the vernacular. The palefaces, on the other hand, inherited the complex moral tradition of New England and faced towards Europe. Not that they disclaimed America and aped the European. But they were continually and acutely aware of a double weight of complexity: that of New England and of the manifold traditions of Europe. It was the last of the palefaces, T. S. Eliot, who suggested that every really new poem altered the whole tradition of poetry.

In a sense, paleface art was more complex than any that has come out of Europe. That cosmopolitan sophistication of Henry James, for example, is greater than even Stendhal's because it is more deliberate. Which is not the same as 'contrived'. It is simply that James always found himself portraying two heroes: his own man and Europe. In *The Ambassadors* the innocence and education of Strether seem almost an excuse for the portraits of France. So if Strether's 'tragedy' seems, as it does to me, rather trivial, that is partly because the hero has been upstaged by the backdrop. Paleface art, in short, is complex in vision and sophisticated in style because it copes with two worlds, two moralities and two conflicting traditions.

It is now, however, largely finished. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that New England is no longer the cultural centre of the country; its spokesman is Robert Frost, not Robert Lowell. Or perhaps the emergence of the States as a great world power has made Europe seem much less imposing than before. Or perhaps the sheer achievement of American literature in the last 50 years has broken the spell. Whatever the reason, the cultural differences are now chiefly a question of style. The taste for complexity lingers, but it is now more a matter of language than a matter of sensibility.

The impressive mass of American criticism has done it. The tensions of the older literature have become the business of the New Criticism and the standard of the new correctness. The critical discoveries of Blackmur, Trilling, Ransom and Burke have been reduced by their disciples to a technology: certain gimmicks produce certain effects. Hence a serious writer seeking a serious reputation has to create for himself an elaborately corrugated, 'serious' style. Even Faulkner has two quite distinct ways of writing: a tense, muscular, lucid narrative for the Negroes, children and actions; and a muffled, polysyllabic rambling his senior characters drop into when they are being wise. Or *By Love Possessed:* it isn't any better than a number of Cozzens's earlier novels; but it has, to a paralysing degree, Style, which translated it, beyond a shadow of a critical doubt, into Literature.

But the trouble with this Style is precisely its artificiality. It easily refers to nothing beyond literature and exclusively literary values. The writers, as Graves once predicted, busily take in each other's washing. And this is a large part of its charm for the critics. For the orthodox New Critics of the second and third generations (it isn't, after all, so new any more) work with a bagful of wholly technical terms; they will admit nothing out of the common language of human values. I once saw an intelligent undergraduate essay returned with the single marginal comment: '"Adolescent" is not a critical term'. And that was that. So Style is not just a token of the author's seriousness and hard work, it also spares the critics. A piece that has it may not be the greatest work in the world, but it is at least discussable. The analysts can go at it endlessly without having to commit themselves to a value judgment.

The one important book to create a style which is not also a Style is J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye.* Now, Mr Salinger is not nearly such a Mark Twain redskin as he at first appears. He is a metropolitan writer, one of the *New Yorker's* steadies. And his idiom is highly polished; apparently he spent ten years perfecting it. But it is perfectly authentic. That is why *The Catcher,* I found, is the one book that really speaks to American undergraduates. Yet its very authenticity limits it. Compare it with another book not only about a 16-year-old boy but written by one: Radiguet's *Le Diable au Corps.* Radiguet's sophisticated cynicism may often be tiresomely self-conscious, but it is, at least, an attempt to approach adult values and style. On the other hand, the world of Holden Caulfield is entirely self-enclosed. The boy can expose the phoniness of tough, cosmopolitan New York, but he can't come to terms with it. In the end, he has to be psychoanalysed. Holden's world and the adult world can never merge because the style can't cope with them both. So Mr Salinger can be comic and pathetic but never tragic, as though he were using a language in which there is no word for death. It is something like Hemingway, who can present action and distaste with wonderful vividness but never properly manages to deal with their implications.

At the moment there is peace between the palefaces and the redskins. But the treaty is uneasy and unsatisfying: the vernacular writers have given up their rights to intelligence, whilst the Stylists have been condemned perpetually to the Academies. Maybe the slogan for both sides is that of the wit from Little Rock High School. 'I don't want to get educated,' he said, 'I just want to get integrated.'

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Words of Ill-Omen

ANYONE who has been reading the more literate departments of the British and American press in the period since the last war must have been becoming aware, in the case of certain English words, of a recent change in usage which sometimes amounts to a change in meaning. I have been making a collection of such words and trying to discover the implications of the roles which they have lately been made to play, and I present here a list of conspicuous examples – some British, some American, some both – with the best that I can do in the way of explanation.

1. *Womanize, womanizer* (British). This word, as one learns from the Oxford English Dictionary, meant originally *to render effeminate* or *to become womanlike*. Later, however, it came to mean *to consort illicitly with women*. The first illustration of this latter meaning is quoted from the slang dictionary of Farmer and Henley of 1893; the next is from Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* (1914): 'The bad men [among Oxford students] went up to London and womanized'; and under *womanizer*, of which a similar definition is given, the only example is from Galsworthy's *The White Monkey* (1924): 'Somehow . . . I feel he's a womanizer'. But this word, in its twentieth-century sense, has lately become much more common. In *Six Proust Reconstructions* by Pamela Hansford Johnson, we find, for example, ' . . . she'd never be safe with an old womanizer like you'; and in Victor Purcell's epic poem *Cadmus* (1944), an amusing use is made of it, which makes one suspect that the word is coming to mean something more than *to consort illicitly with women*: that it implies a disparagement of the sex itself. Purcell makes François Villon confess that, 'we womanized, we cheated, and we stole'; and we have only to imagine how Villon would actually have described his activities to see the absurdity of this and how far away Villon is from the England in which *Cadmus* was written. Nor would the French lady in Miss Hansford Johnson's pastiche of Proust have used any word equivalent to *womanizer*: no such word exists in France. She would have said *'vieux satyre'* or *'vieux coureur'* or some other such more lively word. In English, the older words would have been *whoring* or *wenching* or *chambering* or *seducing*, all of which have different nuances, social or aesthetic or moral, and a *womanizer* would have been particularised as a *libertine*, a *rake*, a *Lothario*, a *Lovelace*, a *gallant* or a *ladies' man* (in America as a *Casanova*, a *heartbreaker*, a *great lover*, a *skirt-chaser* or a *swordsman*); but *womanize* seems to reduce all intimate intercourse with women to the same insipid-sounding level. Since *Cadmus*, this tendency has been carried farther, till one feels that, from the point of view of the contemporary British intelligentsia, not only would Byron have been a womanizer but also Tracy Tupman and Nathaniel Winkle in their flirtations with the ladies at Dingley Dell. The playing-down of the importance of women – in the role at least of charmers or idols – has been long, of course, an English trait. *Uxorious* is another English word which, I should think, does not have an equivalent, at least a common equivalent, in any other modern language: it is used always in a derogatory sense to refer to a husband who cares too much for or who spends too much time with his wife. And *womanizer* seems sometimes in England to have come to be used simply as a derogatory epithet for a man who likes women. The word has, in fact, become disgusting.

2. *Religionist* (American). The OED's definition of this is, 'One addicted or attached to religion; one imbued with, or zealous for, religion. Sometimes in bad sense, a religious zealot or pretender'. The examples here given show that through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England religionists were contrasted with atheists. Webster's dictionary echoes the English definition and does not go beyond; yet lately in the United States *religionist* has taken on a new and definite meaning. When *religionists* are referred to in the current press, it is clear that this term includes anyone who is professionally occupied with religion, of whatever church, movement or status – that is, anyone from Billy Graham to Reinhold Niebuhr. This is, like *womanizer*, a word that destroys distinctions. Here again one has only to remember the words it is used to displace – priest, minister, rabbi, etc.; churchman, divine, man of God, evangelist, religious teacher, parson, preacher; sky-pilot, hot-gospeller – to see that it is now as generic as businessman, farmer or artist. The contrast with atheist is no longer implied. A religionist is merely someone who professionally works at religion as an industrialist works at industry. Religion is the religionist's 'line'.

3. *Massive*. This word has become one of the worst bores and nuisances of both British and American journalism, and what seems to have been its sudden and rapid emergence is a phenomenon which ought to be studied. It has no doubt been given special prestige by the declaration of Mr Dulles in his speech to the Council on Foreign Relations of 12 January 1954 that 'Local Defence must be reinforced by the further deterrent of massive retaliatory power', but the word had already been gaining momentum. It is now to be found everywhere, and one even has an uneasy feeling that it may announce the presence of radioactivity. In the course of a few weeks I have been able to pick up a whole pile of examples.

Let me establish the word first in its earlier sense by some quotations from *David Copperfield*:

> . . . an office that ought to have been on the ground floor of the Tower of Babel, it was so massively constructed . . . sundry immense manuscript Books of Evidence taken on affidavit, strongly bound and tied together in massive sets. . . . His gold watch-chain was so massive, that a fancy came across me, that he ought to have a sinewy golden arm, to draw it out with, like those which are put up over the gold-beaters' shops.

These all apply to inert materials, but you have also a human massiveness not devoid of moral implication: 'There was a fine massive gravity on his face, I did not venture to disturb'. The definitions of the word in the OED mostly deal with this sort of mass, though there follow examples of *massive* applied to 'immaterial things' (massive thought, massive character), to disease (massive gangrene, massive swellings), and to volume of sound (massive bass, massive chorus). Ruskin, it seems, spoke of clouds as 'massive or striated', but added, 'I cannot find a better word than massive, though it is not a good one, for I mean it only to signify a fleecy arrangement in which no lines are visible'. Note Ruskin's apology for extending the meaning.

Now, the single use of *massive* among the recent examples I have gathered which comes under the first of the old definitions occurs in an article by S. J. Perelman in the *New Yorker* of 7 June. He speaks of 'a massive fireplace'; but this is probably to be explained by his penchant for writing parodies of various old-fashioned styles. Sir Harold Nicolson, in a review of Bell-

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oc's letters in the *Observer* of 18 May, just manages to remain within the old definition when he writes of Belloc's 'querulousness – so distressing in a massive, mighty man'; and T. S. Eliot, in his introduction to a volume of selections from Joyce, *Introducing James Joyce*, is also just within the old definition when he refers to *Finnegans Wake* as 'that massive work'. *Finnegans Wake* is not massive by reason of bulk – a novel by Dickens is much longer – but its density does perhaps make it massive. The *Times Literary Supplement* of 23 May provides another example of *massive* applied to books: 'All these biographies are monumental in a sense beyond the merely massive and the physically weighty'; and Pamela Hansford Johnson, in the book already mentioned, applies the word to style: 'He informed her, in a style as steady and massive as Cicero's'. But isn't Nicolson stretching it a little when he speaks, in a review in the *New York Times Book Review* of 18 March, of 'the fourth volume of Winston Churchill's massive *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*'; and, in the *Sunday Times* of 6 July, of de Tocqueville's 'massive studies of the *ancien régime* in France or the development of young America'? Maybe not: it is a matter of relative scale. But what adjective have you left for Gibbon? In a second use of *massive* in the Churchill review, this writer does, however, depart from the older uses of the word: the American Civil War, he says, was 'a cosmic clash between strong men and massive principles'. (I do not care for 'cosmic' here either. I have always regarded this loose use of *cosmic* as a particularly undesirable Americanism.)

The tendency to make *massive* a substitute not merely for *enormous, immense* and *huge* but even for *large* and *extensive* as applying to all sorts of phenomena, social, financial, political and psychological, is illustrated by the following examples.

> It is easy and proper for the American Ambassador to Canada . . . and for Canadian economists to argue that massive American investment, at this stage, is essential to Canada's growth. (An article in *Harper's Magazine* on 'Why Canadians Are Turning Anti-American'.)

> The Marxists claim, of course, that colonialism invariably represented a massive and cruel exploitation of the colonial peoples. . . . It is small wonder that it has all added up to a massive anti-Western complex. (George Kennan: *Russia, the Atom and the West.*)

> No one, certainly not Lord Altrincham, we feel, would decry the massive difficulties confronting the young woman who is called upon to combine the personal and institutional qualities demanded of the Monarch today. (Lord Altrincham and Others: *Is The Monarchy Perfect?*)

> . . . for several minutes the three of us waited with bowed heads . . . while he built up a massive edifice of bad language. (John Wain: *The Contenders.*) (The use of *massive* here is possible under the old definition but provides another example of the fashionable addiction to the word.)

> He could then argue that the Russians with their massive conventional forces and their interior lines cannot be contained without nuclear weapons. (Walter Lippmann.)

> . . . he felt that his work was misunderstood on a massive scale. (*Adventures of a Pacifist* in the *New Yorker*, 22 March). In around a thousand pages, Max Lerner . . . has undertaken . . . a massive attempt to describe the main characteristics and currents of American life and thought. . . . (Review in *New Yorker*, 22 March).

> Instead of the weekly issue of *Punch* or the *New Yorker*, subscribers will receive a small phial (wrapped, of course, in massive quantities of advertising matter), with instructions on how and when to inject its contents, thereby giving rise to fits of healthy, invigorating laughter. (Malcolm Muggeridge in April *Esquire.*)

> There was a massive creation, consumption, and disposal of goods. (Dan Jacobson in June *Encounter.*)

Here are a number of examples – all from recent issues of the *New York Times* – that have been obviously inspired by Dulles:

> A massive wave of Soviet, Chinese Communist and East European criticism has been directed at Yugoslavia. . . . Under Virginia's so-called 'massive resistance' laws, no Negro has been integrated in a public school. . . . While somewhat inconclusive, the first report of the United Nations observers in Lebanon failed to support the Lebanese Government's charges of massive intervention. . . . The United States Embassy here announced early today that 'a massive airlift' of petroleum products for Jordan would be started within the next few hours. . . . Dr Malik replied a few days later that 'massive intervention' was continuing. . . .

You find also now a frequent use of the adverb: in the *Times Literary Supplement* editorial already quoted above, for example, 'the realism of massively accumulated detail', and in the novel by John Wain, '"I've had my breakfast," I said, bringing his organizing power massively into play'. In a notice of a volume of reporting pieces in the *Times Literary Supplement*, the anonymous reviewer writes, 'individually, they are massively observant'. In *Inside Russia Today*, John Gunther says of Marx that he 'was massively influenced by several French thinkers'. (The May issue of *Vogue* referred to this volume as 'a massive book'.) In the *Letter from Paris* in the *New Yorker* of 31 May, one finds, 'This is a call for the saviour that has not been massively heard in the Paris streets'.

Some of these phrases – John Gunther's, for example – seem to me inexact, even if the meaning of *massive* is extended. Russia might perhaps be said to have been massively influenced by Marx; can you say that Marx's thought was massively influenced by earlier thinkers? But even when the words are properly used in the more limited old-fashioned senses, they are certainly used far too often. *Massive* and *massively* occur only four times in the whole of *David Copperfield*, but in short articles like the Nicolson review and the *TLS* editorial, the writers have slipped into using them twice. Now, why has the word become so popular? It may be that the Marxist *masses*, in the sense of the working classes, has – in the last case above, for example – a little something to do with it. But what are undoubtedly most important, from the strictly material point of view, are the immense modern buildings and power plants, our machines for transportation and industry and war; and from the point of view of range or effect, our modern commercial enterprises and military operations. And there are also, of course, the great power units. Mr Dulles's 'further deterrent of massive retaliatory power' is also an inexact use of the word, but it is evident that Mr Dulles was thinking both of the power of the United States and of the effect of the modern bomb. We are awed and yet stimulated by our awareness of size, weight, explosive force and expanding governmental domination, and these feelings have their expression in our use of *massive.*

4. *Superb* and *fabulous.* These words are, too, being terribly overworked and applied in inappropriate connections. Someone, for example, wrote somewhere of Bernard Baruch's 'superb plan for atomic control'. Now, *superbus* in Latin meant *proud,* and hence *magnificent, splendid.* Webster gives as its first meaning, 'noble, stately, lordly, majestic'; then 'rich, elegant, sumptuous'. A statue may thus be superb; a palace may be superb; but how can a proposal by Mr Baruch be properly praised as superb? Of course, Web-

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ster adds a third definition: 'supremely good of its kind'. Does this cover the Baruch plan? It seems to me that even in this more general use anything described as *superb* ought to possess some special magnificence of a physical or moral or aesthetic kind. But the word has come to be applied to almost anything one thinks rather good. It is especially a reviewer's cliché. For examples you have only to run your eye down the columns and advertisements of any paper or department devoted to books. In a non-literary context, a curious example occurs in *Amid the Alien Corn*: *An Intrepid Englishman in the Heart of America*, by Hugh Willoughby. In a description of American football in a Middle-Western college, he says that 'lavatory paper thrown high with an end loose makes a superb streamer'.

This writer notes the American use of *fabulous* in the sense, as he says, simply of *marvellous*. This is a similar case of a word which has been robbed of its real implications. This indiscriminate use of *fabulous* has been probably brought on by such publishers' titles as *The Fabulous Clip Joint*, *The Fabulous Comedian*, *The Fabulous Wilson Mizener*, etc. I am told that in Hollywood the degrees of excellence are *good*, *fabulous*, *fantastic*.

EDMUND WILSON

The Unsuspected Audience

YOU can find devoted and unsuspected readers of contemporary American fiction scattered all over Britain. They do not read the sex-and-gangster novelettes; nor are they, necessarily, from among those we call the intellectuals. Offhand, I remember one who is a house-painter, one a railway clerk and one a motor mechanic. But they are good readers, and they seem to be making here an interesting critical choice. They are attracted to certain American novels, I think, chiefly because they find in them a wider emotional keyboard and a more demotic (less class-defined) language than in most contemporary British novels. As to the first quality, think of *The Great Gatsby:*

> And as I sat brooding there on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

The weaknesses of such a passage are easy to see. But they are the excesses of a possible strength. Fitzgerald is willing to be rhetorical in the face of his own emotional experience, wondering, unprescribed and heroic. He is much less sure than Turgenev; yet the nature of his romanticism, a sort of vibrant acceptance before the feelings, recalls Turgenev more than any British novelist (except perhaps Conrad, and he only *wrote* in English).

The fact that most British fiction is firmly placed, socially and culturally, gives it considerable initial advantages – especially in the analysis of personal relations (so much about one's *social* identity can simply be taken for granted) and in assurance of tone. American fiction, by contrast, often seems to be seeking to establish initially the identity of the writer and his relation to an audience ('Call me Ishmael . . .'), and does not to the same degree suggest a prior provision of accepted tones or weighting of words:

> I am an American, Chicago born – Chicago, that somber city – and go at things as I have taught myself, free style, and will make the record in my own way; first to knock, first admitted; sometimes an innocent knock, sometimes a not so innocent. But a man's character is his fate, says Heraclitus, and in the end there isn't any way to disguise the nature of the knocks by acoustical work on the door or gloving the knuckles.

The directness, the initial statement of identity, the oral movement, the single personality in whom self-sufficiency takes the place of the assurance of a group, cannot be explained simply by the demands of a particular first-person narrative. They recur too often in authors other than Bellow. They suggest in part that these writers do not assume an audience with a known emotional register, that they have almost to create their own emotional pitch as they go along and establish it with their readers. But in fact first-person narrative may be more common in American fiction than in British: it is used, to name only some recent books, in *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Catcher in the Rye*, *All The King's Men*, *The Great Gatsby* and *Invisible Man*. It is as though, writing within a relatively unarticulated society, these authors feel a need to immerse a narrating character directly in the destructive element, in the painful and loved mass of American experience. Such a situation need not exclude complexity and irony towards that experience.

Our own novels so often proclaim their origin in a prescribed and literary world:

> He was struggling in every direction; he was the centre of the writhing and kicking knot of his own body. There was no up and no down, no light and no air. He felt his mouth open of itself and the shrieked word burst out. 'Help!'

William Golding's *Pincher Martin* has one of the most dramatic openings of any recent British novel: a shipwrecked sailor is clinging to a rock in mid-Atlantic, desperately holding on to a life already as good as lost. Put it alongside some contemporary American openings: 'I am an invisible man. No, I am not a spook . . .'; 'To get there you follow Highway 58, going northeast . . .'; 'If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like. . . .'.

British fiction tends to be remarkably assured *socially*, then, to have a confident sense of the way syntax shall be employed to express just this kind of quality, this sort of attitude:

> Except for the Marabar Caves – and they are twenty miles off – the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. Edged rather than washed by the Ganges, it trails for a couple of miles along the bank, scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish it deposits so freely. There are no bathing-steps on the river-front, for the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed there is no river-front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. The streets are mean, the temples ineffective, and though a few fine houses exist they are hidden away in gardens or down alleys whose filth deters all but the invited guest.

It is a finely perceptive and imaginative passage – and admirably sure. Sure in the movement of its periods, in its sense of the relative values of words, in its light ironies and its social resonances. It knows how to communicate effectively to a defined and 'civilised' group. And though *A Passage to India* is more than 30 years old now, the qualities I have indicated substantially survive – in Elizabeth Bowen, C. P. Snow, Angus Wilson, L. P. Hartley and many others.

When I was teaching in America, my students were fascinated and rather puzzled by the whole tonal quality of *A Passage to India*. A British

reader of the kind I have in mind, even though he will probably belong to a class very different from Forster's, is unlikely to feel alien since British culture is intricately and domestically interwoven. Such a person will probably read Forster with pleasure and respect. Yet he is likely to feel in a certain way *outside* the experience. In Britain, as presumably in most European countries, anyone who seeks to become 'cultured' has to some degree to assimilate himself to the ways of feeling and expression of the traditional high-bourgeois culture of his country. Since this group is, almost by definition, intelligent and sensitive, the process has much to offer. A reader from outside will find an emotional scale which works by restraint, obliquity and understatement, which delicately modulates its voice and avoids any rhetoric of the emotions. It often has powerful emotions, of course – one thinks of what has been called the 'regulated hatred' in Jane Austen or of the controlled murderousness of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels. The question is of the attitude towards the emotions, how they are played out, presented to the world and the self (*e.g.* in Mrs Ramsay or Mrs Moore). How often does a man 'break down' and cry in an English novel? And the scale is played with a language whose touch is precise and can be intense, but which tends to avoid the large and open, the grotesque and splendid words, in favour of shaded words, words which gain their strength from angle and from subtle internal resonances.

But this beautifully established manner of expression will be different from that which a British reader, not from the cultured middle-classes, is used to employing. Some of his kinds of response to experience will be all the time held back. And the attraction of some American novels seems to indicate that they more truly express part of such a reader's experience, because of their larger emotional scale and greater directness of expression. This is *not* a polite way of saying that American novels are coarse-grained, loose and melodramatic, though sometimes they are. These are the dangers of a venturesome rhetoric, as our dangers are forms of well-bred debilitation.

Genius will no doubt look after itself, but for most British authors it is extremely difficult to write outside the emotional and linguistic forms of the cultured world. Even with the occasional *tours de force*, such as some of the work of Joyce Cary, we are usually aware that they are *tours de force*. More often we find an invented idiosyncrasy of language masking a failure to capture different emotional rhythms. *Sons and Lovers*, after more than 40 years, remains the outstanding example of fidelity to emotional patterns not normally approached in modern British fiction. We may realise sharply how firm and pervasive is the verbal and emotional register of the British 'literary happy family' (to use Auden's phrase) if we put one of our recent 'dissident' books, *Lucky Jim*, at the side of Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. George Orwell is one of the few contemporary British novelists who showed, in his novels of dingy lower-middle-class life, that he knew of the enormous gulf that had to be crossed. He did not succeed, but he did well enough to make him an especially sympathetic author to the readers I am discussing.

I have flown a large kite in a small space, but will risk one even larger. I wonder whether my 'unsuspected' audience may be one sign – I think there are others – of the eventual emergence of a new serious reading public, one less and less likely simply to take over the forms of expression of previously established culture-groups. We are, in fact, a much more emotionally expressive people than one would guess from, say, the

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usually prescribed course of reading in The British Novel in the Twentieth Century. This helps to explain the attraction of Graham Greene – he really writes the rude words on the wall. I am not anxious to hail the advent of a lower-middle or working-class literary culture. I hope that what emerges will not allow itself to be formulated in that kind of way. Yet it does seem possible that once a new generation of writers no longer feel vertiginous about their position, and so neither adopt other people's ways of feeling nor become defiantly strident about their own, they may produce fiction with an emotional scale and expressiveness we have not heard in British literature for a long time.

RICHARD HOGGART

Criticism and Boredom

A FEW years ago Randall Jarrell announced in a caustic essay that ours is an Age of Criticism, and for all the good he saw in it he might as well have called it an Age of Boredom. His outburst was followed by the protests of other creative writers, who tend to see in the ascendancy of criticism the prime cause of the flatness and dullness of our literary life in this period. To be sure, this is an oversimplified view. The inflation of criticism must be understood as in some ways a consequence of the prolonged depression into which new imaginative writing has fallen in the post-war years. Moreover, it is pointless to rail at criticism as such. What is really at issue is not literary criticism in the generic sense but rather the uses to which the critical medium has been put and the purposes it has served.

It is above all necessary to distinguish between its uses and abuses. Thus Edmund Wilson, perhaps our best critic still, continues to write marvellous literary essays, such as his piece on T. S. Eliot in the *New Yorker*; Lionel Trilling, however one may finally judge the implications of his recoil from radicalism, has maintained his fine dialectical grasp of the relation between values in life and values in literature; and younger men like Richard Chase, Alfred Kazin, and Irving Howe have not allowed themselves to be intimidated by the neo-conservative *Zeitgeist* and are upholding the tradition of dissidence and nonconformity in American writing at the same time as they strive to bring to conscious formulation what is most indigenously real and alive in it.

However, it is scarcely the above-mentioned critics who have of late exercised a dominant influence. For one thing, as they are far more concerned with ideas and the larger and more controversial issues than with 'close reading' and textual minutiae, the criticism they write is mostly cast in the synoptic mode. None of them is likely to produce the next exegesis of a single poem by John Donne, a type of exegesis of which we have had no end of examples in recent decades and in which boredom is by now of the very essence. For another, the perspective in which those critics see literature is basically secular and social; the religious revival has left them cold. Mr Wilson, in point of fact, is not merely cold but positively hostile; in commenting on our intelligentsia's flopover to religiosity he is regularly seized by the *esprit voltairien*. No wonder that in those graduate schools in literature stressing the 'critical' rather than the 'historical' approach, Mr Wilson is dismissed as a literary journalist of impressionistic leanings while Professor Cleanth Brooks is regarded as a paragon of critical insight, discipline, and relevance.

Professor Brooks is indeed the model New Critic. A strict adherent of methodological purity, he shuns such incursions into psychology, biography, and social and political history as Mr Wilson has so frequently and profitably made in his critical portraits and studies. Furthermore, Professor Brooks believes in the dogma of original sin and endeavours to bind himself as closely as he can to something he and his collaborators solemnly call 'the tradition'. For it is above all this putting oneself in the right relation to 'the tradition' that distinguishes the 'new' dispensation in criticism from the old. The idea of 'the tradition', taken over from Eliot's earlier essays, has now come to stand in some of our literary circles for a peculiar kind of higher reality, bristling with magico-religious associations on the one hand and promises of aristocratic investiture on the other. America is a 'new' country, in which the successful promotion of products depends on their being advertised as the latest and most up-to-date. Thus even 'the tradition' was promoted among us as a novelty.

The effort of Professor Brooks to impose on the literary mind his triad of 'paradox, irony, and ambiguity' as the permanent and ultimate tests of poetic quality has not been without success. It is he who is the real *chef d'école*, in the factional sense, of the New Criticism, which has so long dominated the literary quarterlies as well as the academic environment in which so much of our literary activity has been confined. Yet for all its ambitious claims and the stir it has made in the world*, this school of critics has wholly failed to brace us intellectually or to produce those tonic qualities the want of which is so acutely felt in our literary situation. It has made for a deranged relationship between the critical and creative powers in our literary economy; and, by inhibiting the energy of discovery in criticism, it has brought it to a condition of arid self-sufficiency and self-consciousness.

At present it is generally admitted, even by some of its mentors of the older generation, that the New Criticism has exhausted its credit. Actually, whatever good it accomplished goes back to a period when the term New Criticism had not yet come into use, the period of the 1920s, mainly, when a grouping of critics, most of them also practising poets (Eliot, Pound, Ransom, Tate, Winters, Blackmur, Austin Warren and Robert Penn Warren) undertook to demonstrate the significance of modern poetry by revaluating the order of English poetry as a whole. This older generation, coming out of a very different and

* In the main, the many references to the New Criticism I have seen in European books and periodicals have struck me as singularly uninformed. For example, in the July 1958 issue of *Encounter*, the French poet Yves Bonnefoy characterises the New Criticism in a way that quite converts it into the equivalent—in the explication of poetry—of logical positivism in philosophy. Specifically M. Bonnefoy mentions Cleanth Brooks and R. P. Blackmur. Now these two critics stand in about as close a relation to logical positivism as Bertrand Russell stands to Thomism or Jacques Maritain to dialectic materialism. M. Bonnefoy's blunder is due to his ignoring or simply not knowing of the allegiance to orthodoxy and traditionalism to which Professor Brooks and most of the American New Critics are committed. Because he takes their formalist professions at face value, he cannot see that it is only superficially that they can be said to pursue the same ends as William Empson, or even F. R. Leavis for that matter. Clearly, some form of positivism is the logical presupposition of the formalist method in criticism. That the American New Critics have failed to discover this, and keep denouncing positivism in any form as 'heresy', is one of the contradictions of which they are unaware and which is tearing their position apart. And M. Bonnefoy is equally uninformed about Mr Blackmur. After his first book, *The Double Agent*, he has gone in more and more for large-scale philosophising about literature in a manner so heady as to stand any logical positivist's hair on end.

more seminal time, carried out its mission triumphantly. It is their younger disciples really who now compose a school of New Critics *tout court*, busying itself with the academic consolidation of the 'revolution in poetry' long ago accomplished by their elders. This belatedness and lack of a separate and independent identity account for the self-induced dullness of the narrow textual-formalistic method of the New Criticism as currently expounded, as well as for its unacknowledged and unanalysed commitment to an obscurantist social and historical ideology. At bottom it offered little more than an amalgam of diluted formalism and diluted traditionalism (Eliot's version of it)—an amalgam because the two elements were artificially combined, in a forced congruity; the diluting came about as a means of genteel accommodation to the academic habitat. And by and large it was the traditionalist bias that made for its fashionableness in this period, aligning it implicitly with the conservative reaction to which the American intellectuals succumbed under the gross pressures and inducements of the Cold War.

As for the formal principle on which the New Critics plumed themselves, it cannot be said that they ever applied it with any consistency or finesse; and lately it has been giving way to mythomania and symbol-hunting. The craze for myth is symptomatic of the fear of history in an age of rapid and menacing change; why involve the meanings and values of literary works in the messiness of our historical life when it is so much safer to fit them into the fixed and supra-temporal framework of myth? And it is not Freud but Jung with his frigid, impersonal archetypes who inspires the myth-addicts. A variant of this addiction is the trend to 'symbolic' analysis. In his book *The Literary Symbol*, for instance, William York Tindall writes that 'since symbolism is the necessary condition of literature, all novels are symbolic'. This statement is by no means as innocuous as it sounds. It does not take long to discover that Professor Tindall really means to say that novels are chiefly about symbols pure and simple, not about such profane matters as human experience, character and destiny. In the treatment of the 'symbolic' analyst the referents of symbols nearly always turn out to be desiccated abstractions drawn from ethics or theology. Operating with a minimum of experiential testimony, he converts the themes and materials of novels and poems into mere simulacra; symbolic form becomes the essence of the creative process, at once its end and means.

In his latest book, *The Power of Blackness*, Professor Levin fully avails himself of these up-to-date procedures. His subject is Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe, and it is astonishing how little of central critical value he has been able to add to our understanding of them. What really counts is Professor Levin's addiction to myth-and-symbol-hunting, which affords him the opportunity to indulge once again his flair for learned allusions and references; and the symbolic concept of 'blackness' permits him no end of play with the modish phraseology of evil, guilt, and sin. But all this is mere bookishness and essentially evasive of the critical act. His method of combing the work of his three authors for the words 'black' and 'blackness' and 'dark' and 'darkness', and producing them for our benefit with an air of triumph, is sheer childishness. Naturally he finds what he seeks, as he would have found the words 'green' and 'red' had he been looking for them.

Equally disconcerting is Hugh Kenner's last book, *Gnomon: Ten Essays on Contemporary Literature*. Mr Kenner, who is the leading exponent among us of the cult of Ezra Pound, is an extreme right-wing ally of the New Criticism and

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surely without peer in the ruthless manipulation of literary evidence to suit his prejudices. Pound, who has been certified insane by a board of psychiatrists, he regards as a master not only of poetic diction but also of historical insight and social wisdom, whereas Freud he disposes of as a clinical case. The effrontery of which Mr Kenner is uniquely capable is illustrated by the opening gambit of his review of Dr Ernest Jones's biography, reprinted in *Gnomon:*

> It can very nearly be claimed for the subject of Dr Jones's biography that he has been the presiding genius of the early twentieth century. That he is already as dated as William Archer or *Trilby*, and may come to seem as quaint as Boehme or Swedenborg, are considerations that don't alter this historical fact. An age in flight from diversity is delighted by one-page explanations of all human phenomena, and Freud has seemed for many years the most plausible of those investigators in whose name such pronouncements can be issued. Since the early nineteenth century the dominant philosophy of the West has been some guise or other of German pessimism: of this Freud's utterances-at-large are a clinical variant.

The only critical work so far published this year that seems to dispel the boredom somewhat is Richard Chase's *The Democratic Vista.* Mr Chase is entirely aware of the plight of American writing and audaciously addresses himself to the questions that others evade. 'Will it be possible,' he asks, 'to keep alive, in an atmosphere of growing conformity, a fruitful versatility of taste and opinion?' He is not one to repudiate the radical, *avant-garde* views on which he was brought up in the Thirties, and he comments with great penetration on the difficulties of reconciling 'the American imagination as we find it in our literature – on the whole a literature of extremity, of brilliant fragments, of melodrama, humour, pastoral idyll and romance – with the mild, routine life of surburban America'. He understands the ways in which the complacencies of the Eisenhower age are affecting our literary life. The questions he asks are nearly all relevant, but his despair of the intellectuals' regaining a political perspective makes it extremely hard for him to arrive at plausible answers.

PHILIP RAHV

An Infusion of Little Magazines

In each era certain stock questions crop up in literary circles. Usually there are stock answers. Eighteen years ago in England it was common to ask 'Where are our war poets?' In America nowadays it is customary to ask why the nation's little magazines should be so unlike the wistfully remembered *avant-garde* manifestos (*Broom, Secession*, etc.) of the Twenties. Thus Granville Hicks recently subjected himself to a study of America's four best-known literary reviews – *Partisan, Kenyon, Hudson, Sewanee* – and emerged with the familiar conclusion that they were dull, dispirited affairs.

A wider survey than Mr Hicks's leads one to agree in part with him. It is not difficult to widen the investigation: at least not if you look in the right places. The wrong places are ordinary news-stands and drug-store racks, where Luce publications jostle for space with an abundance of other popular magazines – some with odd titles like *Bronze Thrills*, some monosyllabic in title and contents: *True, Stag, Male, Real, See, Charm, Sport.* But a good library, or one of the regrettably few bookshops found in large towns and university precincts, will display in almost comparable abundance the publications that cater to literate and literary-minded Americans. Here, in addition to Mr Hicks's quartet, will probably be found the worthy ranks of the *American Scholar, Virginia Quarterly Review, South Atlantic Quarterly, Yale Review, Poetry*, and so on. Then there are others – *Accent, Epoch, folio, Prairie Schooner, Shenandoah, Western Review*, to mention a random sample – in a bewildering variety of format. So many exist that a special collective noun is needed for them.

One possible collective noun would be *infusion*: an infusion of little magazines. As Mr Hicks asserts, some do tend to be depressingly academic, squeezing in only an occasional poem or short story as a token gesture between the solemn articles and the fat wedge of book notices. They are academic, too, in provenance. Of those already listed, nearly all emanate from universities and even single university departments of languages and literature. Is their main function to fill out the academic life-cycle of articles, offprints, promotions, articles? Some such magazines are as weak as the word infusion suggests, weak in creative and in critical talent.

Another possible collective noun would be *transfusion.* A transfusion of little magazines because the majority are subsidised by institutions or, less frequently, by private benefactors. Some would appear to be handsomely supported, so much so in the case of the lavish new *Texas Quarterly* that it is a 'little magazine' only in terms of circulation. Most periodicals would collapse if they were not kept alive artificially in this way. Even *Partisan Review*, which comes nearest to achieving national status among American literary intellectuals, does not manage to sell more than 9,000 copies of each issue, and could not keep running unless its devoted editors were willing to work practically without pay.

A third collective noun might be *confusion*: confusion because there seem to be scores of little magazines competing for circulation and for contributions. If *Partisan Review* in America has not quite achieved the status of such periodicals as the old *Criterion* in England, or the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, neither has any of the rival quarterlies, which may have a respectable academic rating but which sell only about a third as many copies. Perhaps regional pride and intellectual isolation lure college communities into producing magazines for which there is no real need or market. If there were not such a dizzying quantity, the standards might be higher and circulations correspondingly larger.

To this extent one may agree with Mr Hicks and kindred observers who deplore the situation of the little magazine in the United States. But this is not the whole story. We should remind ourselves that 1958 is not a time for *avant-garde* experiment; 1958 is interested in different problems. Pre-war magazines also relied on subsidies: where would *transition* have been without its transfusion? The story is no brighter in England. And so on, until one begins to feel that the American situation is a cause for admiration rather than despondency.

The sheer multiplicity of magazines is, after all, a significant fact, especially if we add to the roster such paper-back publishing enterprises as *New World Writing* and the *Evergreen Review.* Nor is it true that the creative writer is ignored. *Accent* (University of Illinois), *Prairie Schooner* (Nebraska) and *Western Review* (Iowa) are three among several magazines that allot generous space to poetry and fiction. Others keep a close eye on contemporary foreign literature. The *Literary*

Notes from Cambridge

(MASSACHUSETTS)

ON the title pages of some recent books English readers may have noticed a new imprint, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Since its establishment by Harvard University Press four years ago, The Belknap Press has enabled its parent organization to expand its publishing activities substantially. THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON edited by Thomas H. Johnson, for example, and the four volumes of A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES by Frank Luther Mott are Belknap publications.

The new imprint, made possible by the generosity of the late Waldron Phoenix Belknap, Jr., realized a hope nourished for a long time by him and by Harvard University Press—to publish a carefully planned and edited list of distinguished books in the general field of American history and culture. Now twenty Belknap titles have been published, ranging in subject from science to literature and including biography, poetry, and criticism. (A leaflet describing the program of the Belknap Press will be mailed to anyone sending a card of inquiry to Harvard University Press.)

With the Belknap Press successfully established it is now possible to announce the launching of The John Harvard Library, an important additional venture under Belknap auspices—also the fruition of hopes long cultivated. The John Harvard Library, under the editorship of Howard Mumford Jones and a group of distinguished collaborators, will make available in permanent form and at low cost authoritative editions of basic books and documents concerning America that are now hard to find except in special collections or the largest libraries. Books for the first John Harvard Library list are now being chosen.

But Harvard University Press with an annual list of more than one hundred new titles by no means limits its original publishing to American materials and subjects. Two books published this autumn call for mention in this space.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS edited by Hyder Edward Rollins is the definitive edition of Keats's correspondence. Carefully and discerningly annotated, this handsome set of 2 volumes will be especially welcomed for the inclusion of the complete texts of many letters which have been incompletely given in previous collections.

ISAAC NEWTON'S PAPERS AND LETTERS ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, AND RELATED DOCUMENTS, edited by I. Bernard Cohen assisted by Robert E. Schofield, is an unusual and rewarding journey into scientific history. Here, reproduced photographically, are the actual texts of those publications other than the *Principia* and the *Opticks*, through which Newton's scientific ideas were made known to seventeenth and eighteenth century readers. Mr. Cohen has also included the first biography of Newton which did much in the years after Newton's death to set the tone for public discussion of his work.

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Review, a newish venture from what sounds an unlikely headquarters, Farleigh Dickinson University of Teaneck, New Jersey, devotes its latest issue to a survey of Israeli writing; the current number of *folio* (Indiana: the lower-case title links us nostalgically with the old days) features a selection of modern Italian poetry (in Italian). The American tradition of expatriate magazines is alertly sustained in the *Paris Review*, and opulently in *Botteghe Oscure*.

It is hard in a short space to convey the variety and vitality of the scene. For instance, there is a true specimen of the genre of little magazine, called *Mutiny*; there is a periodical given over to drawings; and there is an excellent quarterly, on a modest scale, named *Landscape*, published in Santa Fe. Its theme is 'human geography', which it treats with an admirable blend of wit and seriousness. California has an intelligent magazine called *Frontier*.

And so on and so on. In other words, every criticism that may be levelled against American intellectual periodicals, on grounds of thinness, sameness, or financial wobbliness, can be countered by indicating how many survive that deserve to do so. If this is a contradictory conclusion, it is one characteristically reached by those who explore the United States. No single collective noun will serve. In America there is a tedium, an ebullience, a naivety, a sophistication of little magazines. There may be too many; but that's better than not enough.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Limey Howlers

A NIGHTCLUBBY girl 'with a spurious American accent' is a minor character in the recent *Sober as a Judge* by Henry Cecil. The notion is arresting because the author tosses it in as if it were self-explanatory. True, Miss Tallulah Bankhead was much applauded in London thirty years ago as an American with an intriguing American accent, then returned Stateside to exploit a stagy English accent thick enough to be cut with a knife, as it should have been. But it is possible that expensive English girls no better than they should be now assume the American manner of speech as a matter of fashion? The question can hardly be dealt with on the western side of the Atlantic. To do so on the other side might cost more than confirmation is worth. Possible it must be, however: witness the growing tendency of English fiction-writers ill-advisedly to plume themselves on their knowingness about life in the States—not for directly denunciatory purposes as of yore but apparently with a vague feeling that prestige accrues from it.

It is an innocent enough vanity as Mr Alec Waugh indulges it in *Island in the Sun* with quick reference to the Dutch Treat Club and 'the *Time*-and-*Life* boys'. But it does oblige the writer to high fidelity to fact and tone on penalty of looking silly in the eyes of American readers who are born adepts in the idiom used. He must not, as does Mr Waugh, refer to a 'sub-editor' of a Baltimore newspaper; American journalism has no sub-editors. He must not, as does Mr Nicholas Monsarrat in *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*, have an urbane American consul ejaculate: 'Land's sakes!' as if he were somebody's small-town midwestern grandmother. Only an American can feel the subtler wrongnesses that make Mr Monsarrat's knowingness about New York in *The Cruel Sea* as absurd as an umbrella blown inside out. But it is simple to explain as well as point out the thronging howlers in Mr Ian Fleming's *Live and Let Die*, a nasty little thriller published in the States last year, laid principally in New York and Florida. This knowingness is almost Kiplingish in its narcissistic unction, and is part of the plot: James Bond has been chosen for this confidential mission because, though English, he knows the States intimately and thus can operate with high protective colouring.

On the fifth page his car 'soared across the breath-taking span [of the Triborough Bridge] into the heart of up-town Manhattan'. The Manhattan outlet of the Triborough Bridge is at the extreme north-eastern corner of the island in a region of small factories and coal-yards as far from 'up-town Manhattan' as Hyde Park Corner is from the Tower. His hosts, the FBI, take away his British-cut clothes and rig him out in a costume suggesting a Jersey City barkeep on his way to a wedding, in any case calculated to make the man disastrously conspicuous in the St Regis Hotel, where he occupies a suite at Uncle Sam's expense.

His diet rather than his garb, however, must have caused the most comment among employees of the hotel. The FBI order him a presumably typical American dinner beginning more or less plausibly with soft-shelled crabs but centred round 'flat beef hamburgers'. By now many Britons must be aware that the American hamburger is a thin cake of ground beef fried on a steel sheet, served between the halves of a fat bun and garnished with tomato ketchup, mustard, picalilli, sliced or chopped raw onion or any combination of the four. Its connotations are frowsily free-and-easy, its habitat is the 'sit-up joint' along the highway or in the office-building. It can be very tasty but not even an FBI man, not even one from Texas, as is Bond's opposite number—actually the FBI agents whom I have encountered have been rather ominously smooth—would order hamburgers for dinner from a bill of fare such as the St Regis affords.

Next morning Bond begins his breakfast order with 'Half a pint of orange juice'—admitted, though the proper idiom is 'a large orange juice'; 'three eggs lightly scrambled' – admitted, though the number is off-key, American eggs coming in pairs like dice; and then 'a double portion'—wrong; should be a 'double order'—'of café Espresso with cream'. True, in the last ten years the cultural prestige of post-war Italy has made *caffè espresso* fashionable in both London and New York. But this use of it is so wildly unlikely that, happening to pass the St Regis recently on my way to the dentist, I took the trouble to ask the management whether taking the stuff with cream for breakfast might be a peculiar tradition of the house observed by its most knowing patrons. Bewilderedly they denied it, denied even that they had ever heard of such a thing. But, they said loyally, should a guest see fit to order so egregious an anomaly, their kitchen would doggedly supply it and the girl taking the order over the telephone might even manage to keep incredulity out of her voice as she repeated it back. As I left, they were vexedly developing the theme of how unlikely it was to begin with that the FBI would put up a visiting sleuth at the St Regis.

Abject failure to grasp the American idiom is clear in this FBI man's comment on Sugar Ray Robinson, the Negro boxer: '. . . a wise guy . . . stashed plenty away and now he's adding to his pile on the music halls. His percentage of this place must be worth a packet.' 'Music halls' should be 'vaudeville theatres'. 'Worth a packet' is strictly British. In this context 'percentage' should be 'piece'. 'Wise guy' is not equivalent

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to 'wise man'; it means an unpleasantly aggressive cynic.

Properly regarded, the whole book is, of course, a pretentious effort to ape an American specialty: the sadistic thriller that began with some style in Dashiell Hammett but degenerated ever more deplorably through Raymond Chandler into Mickey Spillane. Mr Fleming can show precedent, however. A few years ago an obituary of the late Peter Cheyney commended his thrillers for the authenticity of the American characters in whom he specialised. Incredulously I secured a sample entitled *I'll Say She Does*. It was not quite as gamy to the nose as ripe Fleming but still noisome, and its knowingness was equally pathetic: Cheyney's FBI man put a slip of blotting-paper under his hand when writing, a thing Americans never do; feared lest a certain woman-character be sent to Alcatraz – a penitentiary as firmly closed to women as a Trappist monastery; and mentioned 'missing the last train out of Santa Fe', a town which, though the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is a large western railroad, has seen no trains for years. He threatened to 'chuck myself into East River', called a presumed Cuban a 'dago', and spoke of 'ladders' in stockings and dollars as 'iron boys'. Any Briton able to correct those four errors may consider himself well skilled in American.

I have often thought of eking out whatever resources I retire on by charging fees for correcting detail for British writers handling American characters and places. From Dickens to Evelyn Waugh such sporadic surgery has always been needed. It could have saved a recent ex-GI of Mrs Agatha Christie's from saying 'I'll quit' to convey 'I'll go away' when to an American it means: 'I'll throw up my job'. It could have cured Mr Rex Harris's Pelican History of jazz of its innocent assumption that steamboats are still regularly carrying travellers up and down the Mississippi; and prevented H. G. Wells's American in *Mr Britling Sees It Through* from saying 'My shirt front never rucks'. The service would be worth rendering if only to stamp out the delusion, still strong among Britons, that nine out of ten wealthy Americans have Knickerbocker Dutch names, usually Van Something.

Mr Graham Greene dodges the verbal issue by making his occasional Americans speak a sort of distilled-water stuff avoiding hazardous catch-words and figures of speech. Some success may not be impossible for bolder men, Mr P. G. Wodehouse, for instance. Mr Aldous Huxley came close to the mark in both *The Genius and the Goddess* and *After Many a Summer*, particularly in the bit-part named Clancy. But the only altogether trustworthy British writer known to me is Mr David Divine, whose *The King of Fassarai*, a story about US Navy government in Micronesia, bowled me over as just about completely lacking verbal anomalies.

The screen sins seldom, maybe from lack of opportunity. Mr Alfred Hitchcock recently made an amiable movie, however, *The Trouble With Harry*, set in Vermont in the gaudy New England autumn, that made delightfully little cultural sense. Thus it assumed that, since coffee and doughnuts are a traditional American refresher, rural Vermonters would regularly take their coffee and doughnuts outdoors at a veranda-table late on sunny October afternoons. Ten pages could never explain all the wrongnesses pervading that scene. Actually British writers do best when handling deviant areas, the discrete cultural warts on America. Mr Evelyn Waugh's Hollywood in *The Loved One* has a devilish rightness though his idiom often breaks down. Even Mr Fleming's Florida is recognisable.

A standing difficulty is that Britons unwarily imitate the dialogue in the late Sinclair Lewis's works or, worse still, in the late Damon Runyon's. Lewis (this is gradually being admitted) had a poor ear for human speech, and Runyon concocted for his own crude purposes a language never spoken by a frequenter of Broadway or any other street. If English writers must put words in American mouths, let them study, say, Ring Lardner, J. D. Salinger, Wolcott Gibbs, perhaps John O'Hara. But it is a tricky speech unless used from birth, and better left alone.

No doubt it is just as jarring when Britons encounter Stateside versions of things British, such as the standing introduction to *Our Gal Sunday*, a daily radio soap-opera presenting Sunday as 'an orphan girl from a western mining-town married to one of England's handsomest and richest lords, Lord Henry Brinthrop'. Even I detect flaws in the speech of the English valet of *Ruggles of Red Gap*. But I can form no adept judgment of Henry James's English characters. Is that really the English speech of the time or as personally created a tongue as Damon Runyon's?

J. C. FURNAS

Quality Paperbacks: A Cultural Revolution?

IN the past five years or so, it has become possible for Americans to buy for as little as a dollar – and usually for no more than three – paper-bound reprints of an astonishing variety of previously unobtainable books. By now there must be well over a thousand titles available in the twenty-odd 'quality' series that have been set going by the success of the pioneer in the field, Anchor Books. No attempt has been made either within any individual series or in paperback publishing as a whole to provide inexpensive editions of the standard classics; Americans still have to rely heavily on the Everyman's Library and the World's Classics for that, and it often takes trouble and energy to get the volumes you want, assuming that you can get them at all. The great majority of the new 'quality' paperbacks are secondary works – scholarly treatises in philosophy, psychology, theology, history, economics, and of course literature. A certain number of lesser-known books by currently fashionable authors (James's *What Maisie Knew*, Conrad's *Victory*, Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia* are typical examples) have also been issued, and a few publishers have gone in for an occasional 'original' like Richard Chase's *The American Novel and its Tradition*.

A publishing revolution it has certainly been – so much so that bookshops all over the country have been rebuilt to make possible a wider display of these brightly designed volumes. And the discovery that serious, difficult, even recondite books can sell many thousands of copies is bound to have profound effects on an industry which has always been inherently schizophrenic in its need to serve both Culture and the Purse at the same time. But does it amount to a cultural revolution? At first a great many people thought it did: nothing less cataclysmic than the word 'revolution' could express the shock of finding a gaily coloured, self-confident looking copy of Halévy's *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism* or Harnack's *Outline of the History of Dogma* or D. A. Traversi's *Approach to Shakespeare* or Arnold Hauser's *The Social History of Art* or Eric Auerbach's *Mimesis* or Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station* rubbing shoulders with the novels

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of Mickey Spillane in the rack at the corner drug-store. And the statistics! No one knew the precise figures, but the rumours were staggering: *The Liberal Imagination*, for instance, which sold in the neighbourhood of six or seven thousand in its hard-cover edition, was said to have reached 75,000 within a few months (or was it weeks?) of its appearance as a paperback. It would be difficult to exaggerate the excitement created among American intellectuals by this phenomenon. Every new title that hit the stands became a further source of wonder, triggering a fresh sense of incredulity. Books that had been dimly remembered from reading-lists of graduate courses suddenly popped up into the light of day, accessible, inviting, and calmly asserting their claim to universal attention. It was like the resurrection of the dead – and the trumpets were there to herald the birth of a new era.

The theory, in effect, was that mass literacy had finally begun to pay off, that the educated middle class was now large enough to form a mass audience in its own right eager to support the development of a flourishing 'high' culture in America. If this were an accurate picture, there could be no question of its revolutionary character, for it would mean that the 'alienation' of the artist and the serious intellectual from society at large was a temporary phase in modern history and not a necessary condition of an industrialised, egalitarian world. Put less portentously, it would mean that the 'common reader' – to whom Sir Harold Nicolson recently addressed himself in the *Observer* with as much confidence as Dr Johnson ever did – had at last shown his face in America. It would mean that anyone writing for a non-coterie audience could safely make an allusion or two without bringing the roof down, that within reasonable limits a fairly widespread community of taste and intellectual experience might be assumed. It would mean that an intelligent and informed interest in the arts and in the important questions of the age had ceased to be the preserve of lonely specialists capable of communicating only with one another because no one else cared a damn about what they had to say or had the resources to understand it. It would mean all that, and more.

But whatever else the success of the 'quality' paperbacks may prove about American culture, the last inference you could plausibly draw was that it revealed the existence of a new class of common readers. Certainly the pressures of the Cold War have speeded up the process of consolidation that has been at work since the end of mass immigration, and there isn't any doubt that the new middle class is very different from and far less Philistine than Mencken's 'Booboisie' of the Twenties. What do the paperbacks tell us about the cultural character of this class, which is presumably responsible for their huge sales? The best place to look for information is in the titles themselves. Could any common reader possibly want all those ponderous works of theology or all those detailed commentaries on Aristotle and Plato, Shakespeare and the Existentialists that are so useful when you have been deep in the actual texts but that simply don't have an independent existence as books to be read on their own? Has anyone ever tried whiling away a rainy Sunday with *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism*? I have, and I can testify that Bentham neat is easier to swallow without gagging. On a rainy Sunday, that is. No; it isn't the benign image of the common reader who stands behind paperback publishing – it is the grim lugubrious figure of the Graduate Student, whether he is in fact grinding his eternal way toward the Ph.D. or whether, departed from the university in despair, he is now in the 'world' carrying a lifelong burden of guilt over Unfulfilled Requirements and Unconsumed Bibliographies.

The intellectual universe assumed by paperback publishing, then, is a universe of specialists, and what it reveals about American culture is precisely what was known before – that the one truly respectable form of intellectual activity in America is the exercise of expertise. The trouble is that the paperbacks seem unaware of this; they carry an unmistakable air of confidence in their general interest and relevance, they come on looking for all the world as though they *were* directed to the common reader, as though each and every one of them were a divinely set text for all educated and cultivated men. And the fact that, like Mallory's mountain, they are all so obtrusively, so ubiquitously *there*, makes their claim on one hard to resist. Who knows? In time we may all turn into perennial graduate students, full of self-contempt for never having pushed through more than the first two chapters of *The Influence of Greek Ideas on Christianity*.

This is not to say that the quality paperbacks are a bad thing. It would, indeed, be sheer perversity to deny that they are the single most welcome new feature in American culture since the war. A good many people – including myself – have been able to own a good many books that they could never before afford; a fair percentage of the titles really do belong in general circulation; several important writers have been introduced to a much larger public than anyone would ever have dreamed possible; and some books which had been mouldering in libraries have been given a deservedly new lease on life. That – if I may be permitted what I *think* is a good Anglicism – is probably quite enough to be getting on with.

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Publishing in Britain and America

IT is difficult to generalise about the book-publishing business, for publishers are individualistic, and organise their houses in different ways. With that caveat it is however possible to offer some personal observations on differences of publishing procedures in London and New York. I have been a publisher in both cities; my life has been divided almost equally between them; and it happens that two firms for which I worked, one in New York and one in London, are comparable in the type of books they have sought to publish and the number of titles produced each year. Both houses have endeavoured to be selective, and to restrain themselves from the publication of more than four or five new titles each month – a yearly total of not more than 50 or 60. Both houses, I think I may say, have been both respected and successful. There is therefore a certain amount of comparability, which lends point to the differences in procedures.

In New York, when for ten years or so I was in charge of the editorial side of the business, as a matter of course there were working with me four full-time associate editors. It was a normal assumption that a team of five was necessary to do a proper job in turning out 50 titles a year. When after the war I returned to a comparable position in London, one editorial associate and I turned out the same number of titles. In New York I sometimes wondered if we were not doing too much editing. In London I was conscious of sins of omission.

The distinction I am trying to make is cultural rather than economic. The cost of my editorial team in New York was about four times as much as the corresponding cost in London; the total sales of about the same number of titles also brought in about four times as much. There is no way of making a precise comparison of publishers' accountancies. Customs of accountancy on the different sides of the Atlantic are different. But economically and percentage-wise I don't believe there was much in it. What was the comparison culturally?

To make the comparison I must perhaps exaggerate, and introduce some perhaps outrageous metaphors. Both firms had managed to be midwives to some very fine books; with this difference, that in New York we tried to sell the baby before it was born, and in London we merely brought it to birth and exposed it and hoped for a sale. I must hasten to say that the whole book-business in Britain is relatively ancient and experienced: that doesn't mean it is moribund – relatively, as might be expected in a small compact area, an awareness of what is going on can be quicker in Britain than in America which, as one has always to remember, is not one small country but a large continent. So far as concerns book-publishing, the paradox is that in the old country you don't try to hurry the procedures, and in the big continent you do. If there were only two editors in London to attend to as many new titles as were attended to by five in New York, it was because you expected the whole book-trade in Britain to be that much more on its toes. You counted on a general awareness of books, on periodicals to find space to review them, on reviewers to spot merit, on librarians and booksellers to use their own heads – you even counted on a book-buyer to enter a bookshop and browse and purchase a title according to his own individual predilection. You did not expect to get very far by badgering these worthy indivi-

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HAMISH HAMILTON

duals. Therefore, as London publisher, you just exposed the baby and hoped for the best. So long as British people remain really interested in books, it remains a good system. Let's have as little editing as possible, as little interference as may be between the provision of the celestial ichor and the servicing to the thirsty public.

There are indications that in the realm of the humanities the public in Britain is less thirsty than it used to be; or, to go back to the other metaphor, that if you merely expose the baby on the hillside, nobody is going to pay much attention to its cry. Therefore it may be useful for London publishers and for British authors not to be scornful of the amount of editorial work insisted on in New York publishing houses; for an automatic dissemination of books was never, to a similar extent, assumed in America. Hence all those editors tumbling over themselves, performing their pre-natal functions. They were sometimes, no doubt, regarded as officious as to details of copy-editing, changing a British author's sacred words (*pavement* to *sidewalk*), changing punctuation from Fowler to Webster, changing what was thought by the originator to be a nuance of meaning into what was the equivalent nuance of meaning. Among my team of editors in New York I don't recall any instance of what could be regarded as unwarrantable interference. We might notice, although with no attempt to change it, so ungrammatical a statement as line 340 of *The Waste Land*. Textual emendation, although American editors were often accused of it, was never regarded as the main job. Our main job was a search for what we used to call 'outlets'. We were perpetually thinking about 'outlets' before taking the initial decision, whether or not to publish. Could book club rights, reprint rights, movie rights, any or all be fixed beforehand? If they could, you had that much more ammunition with which to impress your own salesmen. In London you flung out a book in hard-covers, and it had or did not have a favourable reception from the press and the public; and if it had a favourable reception it was something of a pleasure to be approached by, and to say yes or no to, an offer for re-publication in paper-backs. In New York you tried to make arrangement with the paper-backs before you said yes or no to the original publication. Or with book clubs, for even in my day in New York there were springing up a number of small specialised book clubs in addition to the two mammoth big ones. These were patrons on whose support you gambled before you made the initial decision, whether or not to publish a book; and an editor's function was not so much to tailor a document *sub specie æternitatis* as to be go-between from author to outlets, and vice versa, and persuade each to attend to the other.

One might think that this suggests too much attention to the machinery of communication, to the conveyor belt, to the bed of Procrustes. The answer is in the form of a question. In the last 20 years has literary creativity in America been stultified or has it been encouraged by the mechanisation? Has the creativity in Britain been encouraged or discouraged by the relative carelessness? Which system is the more likely to attract good work? I know the question, but I don't know the answer. Fundamentally, I suppose one factor is that apart from recessions the American economy is strong and various, and the British is to some extent tired, with less ready money in the hands of those who might be book-buyers. This in turn means less patronage, less support for the book-writer. But apart from the factor of there being more money about in America, is the diligence of the American editors in struggling with ancillary rights, in arranging, let's say, for paper-back reprints even before the books are in hard-covers – is that beneficial? Is it keeping standards up, or is it letting standards down? I would say it has proved distinctly beneficial; over and over again it has provided wide distribution for serious books which otherwise might not have been distributed at all. It has on the whole been a good criterion to think beforehand about the reprint market, or, even before the original publication, to seek the support of specialised book clubs. In London we go on flinging out many more new titles than they do in New York, and we go on hoping for the best. But is that anything to be proud of? Is that doing the job? I was saying that of two firms publishing the same number of new titles, the London firm relatively to the New York firm was editorially understaffed; which is fine if the book-trade in Britain can be counted on to sort the books out, and not so fine if and when the trade is congested. The relatively elaborate editorial attention in America, usurping in the search for outlets some of the functions of the salesman, usurping in literary criticism some of the functions of book-reviewers, has not resulted, so far as I see, in stultifying creativity there.

Other comparisons as to publishing procedures in the two countries could be made; but the most interesting, I think, is this question of editorial attention. I have lived so much in both countries that I can be uncomfortable in either; seeing things perhaps overdone in one, underdone in the other.

F. V. MORLEY

The Exiles

SHORTLY after the Second World War when we were waiting for a new generation of *avant garde* writers to appear, our expectations were built around existing images. That is, who would be the post-war Hemingway, and who would be Faulkner's counterpart, and Cummings's, Fitzgerald's, Eliot's? In a way, quite legitimate questions; but also quite revealing. For many of us Americans the literary figures of the Twenties as well as the characters in their novels were very much involved with our own sense of identity. Pamplona, the Riviera, the good, true life in Paris, these were all part of our inheritance, as was the special feeling that we, too, were rootless, alienated expatriates, although many of us had never been East of the Mississippi River.

We turned hopefully therefore to the writers who had left America. They were, we reasoned, part of a tradition, a tradition which included Henry Miller as well as Henry James, T. S. Eliot *and* Ezra Pound, Djuna Barnes *and* Gertrude Stein. It was not that they had rebelled against a genteel, unsophisticated pattern in America (though often they had done exactly that) and had become exiles on this account; but, more significantly for us and in terms of American letters, they had rebelled against a particular literary tradition, against conventions in fiction and poetry which had long since become stale and hackneyed.

Yet, when we looked at our own American scene, it was obvious that the situation had changed. For, after all, America was no longer unsophisticated, hostile to literature and art, a nation of Babbits and Boobs. We were in the middle of prosperity and expansion, at the very crescent of a cultural renaissance. There were new creative writing centres at universities throughout the country. There was an ever-increasing need for new creative talent within the communica-

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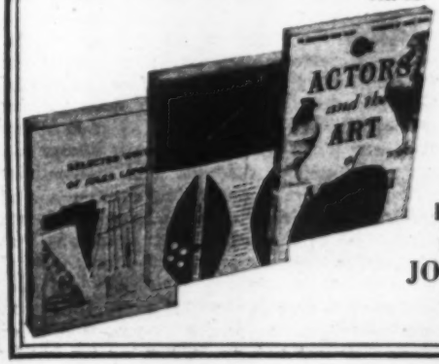

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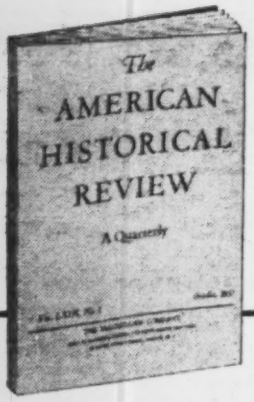

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tions industry, and America was flexible and complacent enough to absorb nonconformity and intellectualism; it could utilise these qualities.

Perhaps this gives the game away. In these terms a writer left America not as a gesture of rebellion, but simply as a way of sliding out from under. As one expatriate defined it for me, it was a way of not being dead before your time. One left for Europe in order to survive; *not* to be a part of the society; *not* to be a success or a failure; *not* to be absorbed and accepted within the community as a member of the establishment. And, in a much more personal sense, one left to discover an identity – for it seemed impossible to have one in contemporary America.

Who were these writers, these expatriates; and what were they writing; which magazines were they editing; in which ones were they publishing? There were, of course, a number of American Negroes who had come to Europe shortly after the war, either for a brief respite or in semi-permanent exile; their journey was made out of a far deeper anguish and discontent than confronted their white compatriots. For a few moments, perhaps during the war, as liberation troops in France, or after, as the army of occupation in Germany, they enjoyed what may have passed for a total identity. But with the war over and their return to the US, once again they were relegated to a second-class citizenship: to violent prejudice and segregation in the South, and to a more subdued and genteel version in the North.

Richard Wright came to France some twelve years ago and was probably the most established and well-known of the Negro writers. But the others – William Gardner Smith, Chester Himes, Richard Gibson, James Baldwin – soon began to drift to Paris and to form the nucleus of a colony there. With the exception of Baldwin, their writing rarely progressed. Smith had written a moving, powerful first novel at nineteen (*The Last of the Conquerors*) which, for all of its awkwardness, was a genuine, vital book recounting the painful awareness of identity and freedom that befalls a Negro soldier in occupied Germany after the war. His subsequent books appear to have been written out of another exigency – How to survive in Paris: one writes to be published and to sell; literary merit and statement be damned! Wright himself has turned to political-anthropological writing, where he is less adroit and knowledgeable than in fiction.

James Baldwin has emerged as one of the leading younger writers in America, and in his last book, *Giovanni's Room*, he probed the familiar American theme: only, in this instance, identity is reduced to the sexual role and the need to experience some form of emotional love. American critics of this book were preoccupied with the fact that Baldwin was a Negro writer dealing with non-whites. What most of them failed to see (or to say) was that the Negro was also, primarily, an American and faced many of the same problems as the displaced isolato, the white American.

None of the Negro writers in Paris was involved particularly with the literary journals in Europe. Two of the magazines, *Zero* and *Merlin*, both now defunct, seemed much closer to what one imagined had taken place thirty years earlier. Both were much more fundamentally European – in this instance, surrealist and existentialist – and both were espousing and printing a kind of literature which was neither being written nor understood in the States. The Americans who appeared in these journals and who come to mind are Elliot Stein, Austryn Wainhouse and Paul Bowles, with Bowles the most accomplished and most familiar to American readers. Today Samuel Beckett and Jean Genet are the leading literary figures who have emerged from this school of writing; and they were the acknowledged masters in both the magazines.

Against *Merlin*, one must put a much more American journal, *Paris Review*. The editors were all American and many of them had already achieved some form of distinction and recognition in the States. Peter Matthiessen had written a very promising first novel, *Race Rock*; William Styron, an ex-marine from Virginia, was the author of *Lie Down in Darkness*, which many critics thought one of the best novels written by a young American; John Phillips had done a Fitzgeraldian book, *The Second Happiest Day*; and the poetry editor, Donald Hall, had won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry at Oxford. One could say, without too much exaggeration, that these were the bright young men fresh out of Yale and Harvard. If they were rebelling against anything in the United States, it might be defined, loosely, as 'too much literary criticism'; if they supported any platform it was the ambiguous one 'good writing'. It is not surprising then that much of the fiction and poetry in *Paris Review* resembled the literature one read back home.

Today, the *Paris Review* is thriving. All of its editors are back, living in America, writing, pursuing editorial careers with the large publishing firms, teaching. They are still the bright young men: remarkably talented, remarkably American, remarkably part of the literary *status quo*.

A similar paradox seemed to exist when one turned from Paris to Rome, and to *Botteghe Oscure*. But the bulk of the American writing in this journal is familiar to every graduate student in the United States: Theodore Roethke, Robert Lowell, John Berryman, Paul Engle – all competent, even excellent, poets; but they are far from the exile world of the expatriate. Instead, they teach in the universities in America, appearing in the little magazines there and, every so often, journeying to Europe on a Guggenheim or a Ford or a Fulbright grant.

Actually, when one looked closely, there seemed to be relatively few outstanding young Americans writing and living in Europe, and these few were more a set of unique and individual talents, not a school or a colony abroad. As well as James Baldwin (who returned to America last year after nine years in Europe) there were four new writers one could point to as interesting: Evan Connell, Terry Southern, Alfred Chester, and J. P. Donleavy. Donleavy and Chester live in England today and both were published first abroad and eventually in America. *The Ginger Man* (Donleavy's novel) was written in America some six years ago, but no American publisher would touch it at first: too, too far out, too outrageous.

Are any of these writers the Hemingways, the Eliots, the Fitzgeralds of the 1950s? Obviously not. Why should they be? They seem to be freeing themselves from the past and, specifically, from the romantic attachment we all had for the Twenties. Today, I think, they would describe the past (and the figures in it) as naive, and possibly just the least bit 'square'. Also, for the most part, the expatriates have returned to America. For to be an American is to be in a constant search for identity. In Europe, one rarely scratches beneath the facade of French, Italian and English society; and always, then, one is thrust back upon oneself: upon image and identity. Perhaps that really is the essential nature of exile: to see more clearly one's own country and to understand, then, the relationship between rootlessness (which is America) and identity. The image is clearer abroad; but the reclamation usually takes place at home.

G. LICHTENSTEIN

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Most people who know Carson McCullers will know her through *The Member of the Wedding*, and then probably from the film or the play and not the novel. The film was a fair one, tense, stagy, with a virtuoso performance by an actress squeezing herself back into the part of twelve-year-old Frankie. Thus while the talk and the situation may have been the same, the crystallisation was not; and unlike *Poil de Carotte*, which through similar transformations remained much itself, here the original suffered distortion.

This was partly because as a novel *The Member of the Wedding* had its own unshapeliness, being like a toy balloon over-inflated here and inelastic there; as though it had been blown up from a story, with gains in closeness but loss of narrative. And as the reader of Carson McCullers will quickly discover, narrative is one of her prime gifts. When she forsakes it, when her characters get caught in an impasse of loneliness or web of talk, something goes out of her vision. She listens instead of sees; and thrilling, musical, exploratory though that ear may be, it is no match for the eye. Or rather its true action is subordinate. The dialogue in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and *The Ballad of the Sad Café* isn't so much different or inferior to the bigger mouthings of the other two novels; merely there is far less of it, it steals on us with the breeze; the narrative line is preserved, the figures in action are seen clearly, the heart strings are plucked to such notes as we get from no other writer. This, I think, is her peculiar genius, together with an insight into individuality yearning beyond its blinkers and a precise yet evocative sense of landscape, of the human clearing in the jungle.

That we should be led sometimes, with Carson McCullers, into strange places, into the loves of freaks, and the bedroom of a deaf-mute, matters little, since by means of the extraordinary she reaches the universal. *Reflections in a Golden Eye* is peerless of its kind, and one can't say much more than read it. It tells the story of an almost dumb soldier who sees through a doorway a naked woman, his captain's wife, and waits to look at her window at night, and then takes to going upstairs, the captain being indifferently engrossed in his study till—No, it's no use. This story can't be told in any but its own words. Of how many novels can we say that? It might have been written by a Lawrence, no Messiah but all artist, a Blake in whom innocence and experience had produced the exact balance between life and legend.

I don't think it's only that one read *Reflections in a Golden Eye* first, and so fell in love with it that all her later books must seem less bright. It is one of those rare works of art in literature – in the region, rather, of the prose story – which is neither too high nor too low, which creates its own myth out of contemporary living. Some readers may argue that this writer achieves more in her fuller books, where there are more people who tell us more about themselves, and problems enter, confusions, perhaps a more urgent understanding. It may be so, though I doubt it. The young girl in *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* has an 'inner room' of the heart and an 'outer room' which she discovers as she begins to grow up; and the step from one to the other is both expansion and loss. Just so, it seems to me, is the step from the pure stories (*Reflections in a Golden Eye* and *The Ballad of the Sad Café*) to the packed novels. The latter enmesh us but they are big, lesser work, in which we are constantly aware of that 'inner room' to which the writer keeps going back but which is no longer her unique place.

Perhaps it is necessary, this going out and mixing, this disillusion, this smell of the herd and pressure of common opinion and the lynch mind. But when Frankie, in her agony of the green, hot summer, starts talking to herself of the 'we of the me', it is not she, and no longer her story, but her author finding the simplest poetic label she can; and when the inner room of the deaf-mutes is quitted for a larger world it shatters too much, for such a writer with worlds already reckoned in life and fiction. In fact, we resent that her crystal cabinet, like Blake's, can't go on holding everything forever. It smashes; the fragments scatter, brilliantly; flying lights, rainbows, bizarre, beautiful shapes beguile our shock. In the end, though, we regret. Did it have to be? Are collision and confusion, outpourings of speech and desire and injury, however candescent, this writer's final medium? What's happened to the story? Has it missed its way?

G. W. STONIER

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Authors whose works have appeared in *The Texas Quarterly* thus far include such internationally known figures as Conrad Aiken, Robert Graves, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Sir Herbert Read, Stark Young, and Walter Prescott Webb. Among the fourteen articles in the current (August) issue are seven which deal with Soviet Russia. The book-length supplement, *A Coat for the Tsar* by Richard Elman, is a memorable short novel laid in the ghetto of Brest-Litovsk during the Russo-Japanese War.

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look for Mr Connell's demon, the poetic and strenuous demon of the genre, in *Arcturus*, about the cross-currents of an evening's visit; in *The Yellow Raft* – a very short piece like an incantation about a crashed pilot; and most of all in *The Trellis*, a mad, magnificent interview between two men about a death.

Something of this concealed intensity shows in *First Love*, a clever eager, perceptive series of sketches underlining the various manners of youthful American love. Someone says in this book: 'No one cares if your mother loved you or not if you're dull. And most people are dull.' Mr Brodkey, a gifted *New Yorker* fledgeling, cunningly chooses the ages when people do not yet know if they are dull. At the one end the awkward St Louis schoolboy hands on his own rejection to a very much younger child. At the other you see the youthful suburban marriage; first infant and all the rest. Between lie episodes of courtship, or of those bewitched student friendships which are more like love than love itself, but vanish with far less trace. *The Quarrel* (boy and boy) is an excellent story on this theme. Girls, though, however unwilling they are to bring the delicious courting game to a close, are nearly always seen by Mr Brodkey in a state of potential matronhood. For all its charm – and Mr Brodkey writes with a light engaging sympathy which one has no wish at all to resist – this is the terrifying tribal American world of compulsive dating and marriage; among its natives, scholar, rake or recluse, there isn't a place for a rebel.

Anthropologically speaking, you should turn directly to *Dangerous Worlds*, another book mainly concerned with the dolours and ecstasies of youth. Here, though, is that unexpected thing, an *English* collection, intelligent, entertaining, alert – and unmistakably rooted in English temperament. Miss O'Donovan is not only a new name but seems from the evidence (her tales, for instance, about women in the uniformed services during the war) a fairly leisurely starter. She is none the worse for that. She has in this book two peculiarly effective subjects. One is the very young girl, whose innocence and ignorance are a burden which she doesn't know how to discard. The other is the male homosexual in his brief destructive attempts to form a relationship – which is also an infidelity – with a member of the opposite sex. This is a matter on which the American writer seems ominously silent. But then, too, the stresses of juvenile feminine life in a nonconformist provincial town, as Miss O'Donovan percipiently shows them, would be strange indeed to Mr Brodkey's single-minded young ladies. Elsie of the title story, Beryl who fancies that she is pregnant, Alice, who is shaken out of her dreams of being an admiral or a nun – where but in England could you find such schoolgirls? A few of the stories, on other themes, misfire; smartness and sentiment are Miss O'Donovan's pitfalls. But the individual tang of *Black Magic, Victims, Gaudeamus Igitur* and some others would make them stand out in any anthology.

The special matter of Welshness arises in *The Darling of her Heart*. Mr Rhys Davies has all the craft you could want: briskness, implication, surprise, and an artfully casual pace in which none of the detail is to be missed. Take, for instance, his very good story about a miner who is blackmailed by photographs after sleeping with a prostitute. You find the young fellow honestly admiring the evidence. But Welshness has, to English taste, an indigestible quality – not the Welshness of the Mabinogion and Taliesin and Owen Glendower – but the peasant sort, perhaps the only real peasant literature still to be found in this island. In the English nature mystique the countryside is the region of cottage, tree and animal worship, cricket matches, vicarage gardens, Anglican churches, beauty, flowers, rambles, pubs and love. Genuine peasant life, however, is not nearly so sensitive and nice; it is earthy, farcical, macabre. Change the names, and Mr Rhys Davies's farming tales of weddings and funerals, with their lunatics, oppressed daughters, tight-fisted wives and obsession over money, could be set in any country where the old harsh peasant life still survives. Still, the strength of this writer is his Welshness; outside, his gift runs thin. The long piece about a Chelsea set-up in Provence is the kind of enervating tale that makes one feel that the short story's sands are running out. But if you start to think this, see above.

NAOMI LEWIS

Cozzens and Society

Men and Brethren. Ask Me Tomorrow. Guard of Honour. By J. G. COZZENS. *Longmans. 12s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 18s.*

The enormous success of *By Love Possessed* was probably as big a surprise to its author as to his admirers. Cozzens has been writing for close on thirty years, and for the greater part of that time with comparatively little critical recognition. He has always had his following, but it has been tiny here and not much bigger in the United States. He has been for years the odd-man-out of contemporary American fiction, as for years Cary was the odd-man-out of English. Well, *By Love Possessed* has changed all that, and one consequence of its success is that it has induced his English publishers to begin publication of a uniform edition of at any rate the majority of his novels. There will now be no excuse for ignorance of the work of a writer who, to adapt Saintsbury's remark on Donne, is the best novelist in the world for some things.

What those things are the three novels now reissued – there are two more to follow, *A Cure of Flesh* and *The Just and the Unjust* – admirably define. *Men and Brethren* was written in 1936, *Ask Me Tomorrow* in 1940, *Guard of Honour* in 1949. The failure of the three is *Ask Me Tomorrow*, a study of personal relations among rich Americans in Italy. But Cozzens is not a novelist of personal relations in the ordinary sense. His theme is man in society, man as a member of an organisation. He is concerned in showing what is possible for a man to do in a given context of place and time. He is not only anti-sentimental, he is anti-romantic; his characteristic spokesmen are middle-aged men who have seen much of the world and have learnt from experience that frustration is the inevitable lot and that a man cannot do what he wants but only what circumstances – the nature of society, the constitution of human institutions and the clash of interests of all about him – allow him to do. Cozzens's most beautiful treatment of this seems to me to be *The Just and the Unjust*, which poses, in an account of a murder trial in a small New England town, the whole problem of the execution of justice in a democratic community; but I find the exploration of what is possible to a man scarcely less fascinating in *Men and Brethren*.

Men and Brethren recounts a day in the life of Ernest Cudlipp, the Episcopal vicar of a parish in New York City. Cudlipp is not a saint: he is simply a very busy clergyman who must solve, as best he may, the problems as they arise of those about him, who may not be Christians at all. There are things he cannot do. He would like, for example, to shelter an old friend, a priest who has abandoned his orders after involvement in a sexual scandal. Christianity itself seems to dictate

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that he should do so; his duty to his church as an institution forbids it. Yet without the church as an institution he is nothing, and the dictates of ecclesiastical policy have to be accepted, even when they seem opposed to the dictates of Christianity, if he is to function as a priest at all.

In a sense, the sense in which politics has been defined as the art of the possible, Cozzens is a political novelist. In *Guard of Honour*, his most massive work to date and the most notable feat of organisation in contemporary fiction, he investigates the relation between the possible and the demands of military discipline. The setting of the novel is a United States Air Force training field in Florida in 1943; Cozzens re-creates the life of the camp, which is almost a city in itself, in enormous detail. The roll of characters, from the general downwards, is Tolstoyan. All are drawn together into a highly complex action, which hinges upon the practical difficulty, in a Southern state, of fulfilling the requirements of the United States Army ordinance demanding complete integration of white and coloured soldiers.

Cozzens has his deficiencies, the chief of which is the complete absence in his work of anything that can be called poetry. His view of life, it must be admitted, is daunting. His awareness of the limits imposed on man's freedom to act, both by his own nature and that of society, leads him to a deep conservatism. But he has expressed his view in four or five novels whose scope goes far beyond that of practically all his contemporaries in English and American fiction.

WALTER ALLEN

Jazz References

A Handbook of Jazz. By BARRY ULANOV. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

The Decca Book of Jazz. Edited by PETER GAMMOND. *Muller.* 40s.

There was a time when full-scale books about jazz were so rare that the enthusiast bought them all. Nowadays, when new ones appear at the rate of one every two or three weeks, only collector's mania and a fairly well-filled notecase will acquire the complete set. The two volumes under review are not among the five or six indispensable works on the subject, but they are serious and useful.

Mr Ulanov's *Handbook* contains little that is not already available elsewhere, but can serve as a handy brief introduction to the subject. It includes a 'capsule history', the usual discussion of the nature of jazz, its instruments and styles, a balanced list of records, and chapters on jazz slang (good), jazz morality (good in spots, but with a tendency towards platitude), the profession of jazz (elementary and a little lacking in concrete facts), a biographical appendix (rather good) and a 'comparative chronology of jazz and the other arts' which will lead to a lot of week-end arguments. Mr Ulanov has kept his well-known bias in favour of 'modern' jazz under admirable control, except for a tendency to play down the African and Negro elements in jazz and to elaborate the most recent stylistic differences between jazz-players. The most curious thing about this book is a preface by Mr Kingsley Amis, who stands in the same sort of relation to Mr Ulanov's tastes in jazz as, say, Duveen did to Kahnweiler, but tries gallantly to be fair. It seems that jazz-writing is becoming a gentlemanly pursuit.

The *Decca Book*, a much more ambitious production, comes near to being a British jazz-writers' Who's Who. Perhaps half-a-dozen chapters are quite first-rate, or original. Another two contain invaluable historical material about the evolution of jazz in this country. The rest cover pretty much the usual historical ground, but in general with critical discrimination. The problems of editing a book written by twenty-five different authors have not been completely solved: there are gaps and duplications. On the whole, however, there is a great deal of information here, even though the discography is unfortunately confined to the records issued by a limited number of companies.

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J. P.

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Our American Literature Number will be published on 6 September. Competitors are invited to contribute excerpts from *An American's Farewell to his Fulbright* or *An Englishman's Farewell to his Rockefeller.* Limit 16 lines.

Report

Though the competition netted a few authentic beneficiaries (one Fulbright Scholar perversely writing a Rockefeller lament) the entries as a whole reflected far too narrow a view of these endowments: it was a business of Hawthorne and James on the campus, or Eng. Lit. and claret at High Tables, with hardly a hint that a Rockefeller Fellow might be anthropologising in Saudi Arabia or a Fulbright revisiting that beautiful girl he met in Rome during the war. James S. Fidgen admitted an ignorance that seems to be general:

> Dear P.H.D. you should not mock a feller
> Who'd try to do your comp. all right
> If you explained who *is* this Rockefeller
> And his connection with Fulbright!

John Clive exploited the obvious to the best advantage, and Russell Edwards gave it a nice twist with his rhyme scheme: two guineas each for them. Commended: B. E. V. Sabine for attempts in both directions; Ian Jackson; G. J. Blundell.

AN AMERICAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS FULBRIGHT

> Farewell, adieu, BM and PRO,
> My time is up, reluctantly I go.
> Farewell to dons, the greater and the lesser,
> Who did not mind my being called Professor;
> To dusty manuscripts and trusty keepers
> Who gladly yielded harvest to strange reapers.
> Farewell, Lucullan Feasts at Tables High,
> Often I'll miss you, with nostalgic sigh.
> Farewell, O jaunts to Paris, Rome, and Greece,
> Attendant blessings of reverse lend-lease.
> Farewell, no, au revoir! I've just begun
> My application forms for sixty-one.
>
> JOHN CLIVE

> I will never forget the week-end hop—
> Not at all like the Proms. at Nebraska U!—
> And the lengthy stop in the coffee shop
> As soon as the seminar was through.
>
> I'll remember the scouts, who were all good chaps
> When we'd managed to square their initial doubts,
> And, despite all the scraps and the fearful flaps,
> All the chaps who turned out to be such good scouts.
>
> I will always remember that talk of fall
> When it's Autumn is thought of as quite bad form,
> And of dinner in Hall I will never recall
> That the soup was stone cold while the beer was warm.
>
> I know I'll remember, when I have gone,
> The scarlet hood and the flowing gown.
> And I'll ponder upon the son-of-a-don
> Who turned my goddamned thesis down.
>
> RUSSELL EDWARDS

City Lights

Schweppestakes

Betting on the result of the Corona soft drinks fight is still extremely even. The Schweppes bid (2¼ Schweppes shares for each Corona) closes this Friday, the Beecham bid (1 Beecham share and 30s. of loan stock convertible into cash) closes on Monday: Corona shareholders who have waited hopefully until the last moment to make up their minds are in a veritable agony of nail-biting. Schweppes has issued a last-minute circular this week to underline the merits of its cause and to hint that success might be followed by a scrip issue; the market has interpreted this to mean that Schweppes, despite the initial advantage it gained from the support of Hambros, is still sufficiently far short of the critical 50 per cent. mark to feel nervous. In terms of the prices at which Beecham and Schweppes shares are standing in the market at the moment there is very little to choose between the two offers, but share prices have a way of falling sharply once the excitement of a bid is over and it is difficult to guess whether one is going to fall more sharply than another. The Beecham offer has a larger cash element in it for shareholders who want their money, the Schweppes offer may be more attractive to those who want to invest in the future of the soft drinks industry; others may prefer to sell short the shares they will receive under the offer they accept or simply to sell their Corona at the high price now ruling in the market.

It is extremely difficult to weigh the risk of losing both bids against the possible advantage of waiting for a still better offer or for a last-minute buying struggle which might force up market prices sharply. The bidder, in this game of Throgmorton poker, always has an advantage over the shareholder—he knows how many shareholders have accepted his offer, the fussed investor does not, and the risk of being left as part of a recalcitrant and powerless rump is unpleasant enough to soften the strongest nerves. Even when there is more than one bidder the shareholder's position remains difficult. Each bid will normally be made—to begin with, at least—subject to receiving a certain number of accept-

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COVENT GARDEN LONDON

ances; each bidder, in effect, offers to pay a certain price if he wins and nothing at all if he loses. What does the poor shareholder do?

* * *

Russia's sales of tin, aluminium, platinum and oil may well be the result of genuine surpluses and bad planning but her cut-price campaign has coincided too neatly with the slump in world commodity markets to escape suspicion. Russian cut-price sales of tin, in particular, have been exerting a growing pressure on the financial viability of the International Tin Council's buffer stock scheme this, though perhaps good for industrial consumers, has borne hardly on the producing countries – Malaya, Indonesia, Bolivia, Nigeria, Thailand and the Belgian Congo. Malayan public opinion, in particular, has been violently roused on the matter, especially since rumours began to circulate in Singapore that Indonesia was selling tin to China to be transhipped to Europe and re-sold there at lower prices. The Malayan government, contemptuous of Russia's offer to send observers to the meeting of the Tin Council (while refusing to become a member and abide by the rules), is generally believed to have made a formal protest and to have suggested that the Russian government should demonstrate its concern for the position of under-developed countries by ceasing to dump tin. Before Mr Krushchev could resolve this interesting dilemma, however, the Board of Trade announced that it was imposing a strict quota on imports of Russian tin. It has yet to rule on Aluminium of Canada's long-standing application for an anti-dumping duty on Russian aluminium; perhaps it feels that a little price-competition between aluminium producers might be a good thing.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 460. Complaint of No Complaints

"That's just it", stormed the irascible grandmaster when the kindly tournament director explained that, forewarned about his irritability the committee had seen to it that he wouldn't have the slightest grounds for complaint; and spluttering on in his quaint mixture of English, Polish and French the master explained that he had never been so insulted in his life. With nothing at all to complain about, how could he relieve his nervous tension? He was being gravely handicapped, it was most unfair, it was altogether unsufferable. Such was David Janowski, most hot-tempered and yet one of the most lovable of all chess-masters. He died well over 30 years ago, and he was born almost exactly 90 years ago, as good a pretext as any to remember him. When he wasn't playing (or arguing) chess he could be seen brooding over cards or at the roulette wheel. He was for ever working out the most ingenious systems how to break the bank of Monte Carlo, but he was singularly unsuccessful in that respect; and having won 1st and 3rd respectively in the two strong Monte Carlo tournaments of 1901 and 1902 he promptly lost every *sous* of the prize-money there and then. He was one of the most dashing players ever, and quite a collector of brilliancy prizes. Here's one of them (the victim being Schallop at Nuremberg, 1896).

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, PxP; (3) Kt-KB3, P-QB4; (4) P-K3, PxP; (5) PxP, B-Kt5?; (6) IIxP, P-K3; (7) Q-R4 ch!, Kt-B3; (8) Kt-K5!, QxP; (9) KtxKt, Q-K5 ch; (10) B-K3, PxKt; (11) Kt-B3, QxP; (12) B-Q5!!, PxB; (13) QxP ch, K-Q1; (14) QxR ch, K-Q2; (15) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K3; (16) Q-B6 ch, B-Q3; (17) B-B4, resigns.

In the great London tournament of 1899, with Lasker supreme, the next 3 prizes were shared by Maroczy, Pillsbury and Janowski who outplayed the American master in this remarkable game.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; (4) KtxP, O-O; (5) B-K2, P-Q3; (6) Kt-B3, BxKt; (7) QPxB, KtxP; (8) O-O, Kt-Q2; (9) R-K1, QKt-B3; (10) B-Q3, Kt-B4; (11) B-KKt5, P-KR3; (12) B-R4, B-Kt5; (13) P-KR3, Ktx8; (14) QxKt, BxKt; (15) QxB, P-KKt4; (16) B-Kt3, Kt-Q2; (17) Q-B5!, K-Kt2; (18) QR-Q1, R-K1; (19) P-KB4, RxR ch; (20) RxR, Kt-B1; (21) P-KR4!, Q-Q2; (22) Q-Q3, PxRP; (23) BxP, Kt-Kt3; (24) B-B2, P-KB4(best); (25) P-B4, K-R2; (26) Q-KB3, R-KKt1; (27) K-R2, P-Kt3; (28) P-KKt3, P-QR4; (29) Q-Q5!, R-KB1; (30) B-Q4, Q-B2; (31) Q-B6, R-KKt1; (32) Q-Q5, R-KB1; (33) P-R4! (practically zugzwang), P-R4; (34) P-Kt3, P-R5; (35) Q-B3, K-R3; (36) PxP, R-KKt1; (37) R-KKt1, Kt-B1; (38) R-Kt5, Kt-K3; (39) B-B6!, Kt-Kt2(best); (40) Q-Q5, Q-K1; (41) Q-Kt2, Q-B2; (42) BxKt ch, RxB; (43) RxR, QxR; (44) Q-Kt5!, ch resigns.

And here is how, 26 years later at Marienbad, elderly Janowski trounced young Saemisch.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-K3; (3) B-Kt5, P-B4; (4) P-K3, Kt-B3; (5) QKt-Q2, P-QKt3; (6) P-B3, B-Kt2; (7) B-Q3, PxP; (8) KPxP, B-K2; (9) Kt-B4, O-O; (10) Q-K2, Q-B2; (11) P-KR4, P-KR3; (12) Q-Q2!, Kt-Kt5; (13) B-B4, P-Q3; (14) Kt-K3, KtxKt; (15) QxKt, P-KR4; (16) R-R3, P-K4? (B-B3); (17) PxP, KtxP; (18) KtxKt, PxKt; (19) BxP, B-Q3;

Whereupon—and this might as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners—Janowski forced resignation by one fell blow.

B (for 6 ladder-points) is a famous game-position brilliantly won by Black. How?

C (7 points) is a draw. Usual prizes. Entries by 15 September.

B: Sanz 1934

C: J. de Arriaga 1958

REPORT on No. 457. Set 16 August

A: (1) R-Kt5!, P x R; (2) Q x P ch, K x Q; (3) B x P ch, K-Kt4; (4) Kt-B7 ch, K-R4; (5) P-Kt4 ch, Kt x P; (6) P x Kt ch, K-R5, (7) P-Kt3 mate

B: *Key:* Q-R8

C: (1) KR-Q4 ch, K-K2! (Kt x R?); (2) R x R ch, Kt (R3) x R; (3) Q x Q ch, Kt x Q ch; (4) K-K5!, R x B ch; (5) R-K4 etc. But not (4) K-B4?, R x B; (5) R-K4 ch Kt-K3 ch and wins

Many dropped a point or two by failing to see every subtlety of **C**. Prizes: D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

September

The game of bowls has been played in this country since the 13th century (and possibly since the 12th). As evidence of this, we put forward the Southampton Town Bowling Club, founded in the year 1299 . . . And so another story of our schooldays comes back, if not into factual existence, at least into the realm of possibility: Sir Francis *could* have played his famous game on Plymouth Hoe. It might even have been something very like our own game, for it was in his century that somebody introduced bias . . . and here we find ourselves entering upon dangerous ground. The fact is that as players of bowls we approve of bias but, as an Executor and Trustee Company, we view it with something akin to horror. We manage, however, to keep these two halves of our personality severely apart ; and in our professional capacity we act with bias towards none and with understanding towards all.

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Week-end Crossword 319

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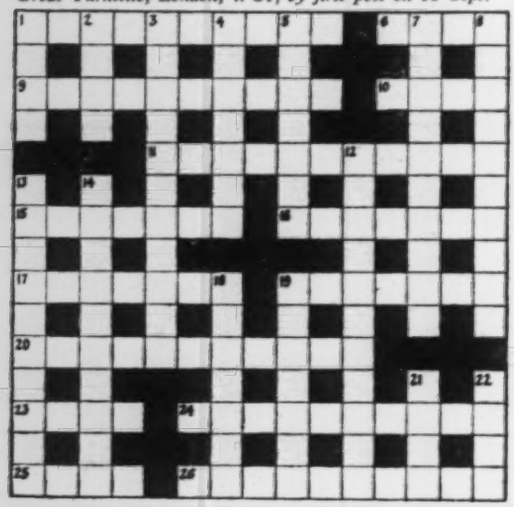

ACROSS

1. Terrifying means of expressing an alternative central in the story (10).
6. Issue a period return (4).
9. Strip at the cinema when the course is in good condition? (10).
10. School which gives you your money back (4).
11. The disturbance at sea is enough to cause the bigwig to keep to the land (11).
15. Rattle on about the old boy concerning the will (7).
16. Physical training instructors make sure the company suffers (7).
17. Coming down to earth somewhere off the ground floor (7).
19. In the side at an age in the fifties (7).
20. Kind of correspondence which sets something binding in front of the landlord (11).
23. The basis of nonsense about love (4).
24. Girl I catch in at Eton perhaps (10).
25. 'What can ennoble ——, or slaves, or cowards?' (Pope) (4).
26. Viewpoint for a great partnership (10).

DOWN

1. Try to get food but starve with the morning gone (4).
2. Grub up for the fashionable evening assembly (4).
3. Anger among a people about archaeological activity (11).
4. There is almost a gap in the river; it enables one to breathe through the ice (7).
5. Terse study in the unprofessional (7).
7. Material on a cape or mountain (10).
8. Expressionlessly gluing distorted noses to the telly perhaps (10).
12. Superficial knowledge celebrates when a subject is dropped (11).
13. Place parts erratically for those which may be upset (10).
14. One bit of boxing after another is not straight (10).
18. Collector in the field (7).
19. Disappointment with the county after a reason for cancelling service (7).
21. Before climbing a mountain (4).
22. Think up a reward (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 317

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 317

Douglas Kilpatrick (Stirlingshire)
R. Cooper (London, W10)
Miss S. M. Braven (Uxbridge)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

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Applications are invited for the post of Secretary. Salary £2,200 × £100 to £2,700, plus a sum in part compensation for employee's contribution to Pension Scheme. Full details and conditions of appointment may be obtained on request. Applications (26 copies) giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned not later than the 10 October, 1958.

P. S. J. WELSFORD,
Secretary.

MARKET INVESTIGATIONS LTD seek young executive to manage rapidly growing office. The post offers excellent prospects to a man or woman with initiative and the ability to deal with staff at all levels. Experience of market research or allied fields would be helpful. Please write with full details to: S. J. Orwell, Director, 23 Fitzroy Street, London, W1.

GUIDED Weapons. Physicists and Engineers required by Ministry of Supply at Royal Aircraft Establishment, Armament Research and Development Establishment and Royal Radar Establishment, for research on guided weapons (including ballistic missile) and supervision of development in industry. 1st or 2nd Class Hons. Degree or equiv. required for Scientific Officer (£595-£1,050) and three years' post-graduate experience in addition for Senior Scientific Officer (£1,130-£1,330). Women's rates the same by 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A 291/8A).

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of General Secretary of the Northern Rhodesia Mine Workers' Union. The salary attached to this position will be determined by the General Council of the Union, depending on qualifications. The basic wages plus hidden emoluments will amount to a sum in the region of £2,000 per annum. Accommodation at nominal rent provided. Appointment is conditional upon applicant showing ability to take up position in Northern Rhodesia. All applications with references, etc., to be submitted by Tuesday, 16 September, 1958, to The President, Northern Rhodesia Mine Workers' Union, P.O. Box 15, Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia.

MORE for love than for £8 p.w. Mon.-Friday and 4 weeks' holiday. Wanted, shorthand-typist for work confidential, influential—on colonial affairs. Write Secretary, Fabian Commonwealth Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. Part-time considered.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Royal Institute of British Architects require a young graduate in statistics, or economics with statistics as a main subject, to assist in a series of enquiries relating to the architectural profession and the building industry. Some experience in research work desirable though not essential. The appointment is for one year in the first place, at a salary of between £650 and £850 according to age and experience. Applics to Sec., RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologists. Applications are invited for two appointments in the Schools' Psychological Service of the Council. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology; general teaching and clinical experience are essential. Service with a local authority will be an advantage. The Council's educational psychologists, in addition to clinical duties and educational guidance in day schools, share opportunities for work in the special boarding schools and in the supervision of day classes for maladjusted children and of remedial classes for retarded children. A Teachers' Centre, with a department for remedial education was opened recently. Salary: £962 10s. to £1,482 10s. (under review); commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, with full details, from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/E), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 19 September, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Housemother required as First Assistant to Warden and Matron (married couple) of Reception and Assessment Centre for 20 children aged 2-15 years, at Blackheath, London, SE3. The work calls for special qualities of understanding and sympathetic approach to children's problems. Duties generally to assist in the care, observation and assessment of children and to take charge in the absence of Warden and Matron. Previous experience and HO Certificate essential. Salary £475-£550 per annum, plus £25 per annum for Home Office Certificate, less a deduction of £128 8s. per annum for board, lodging, etc. Details and application form from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1617), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

WELFARE Organiser. The Willesden Old People's Welfare Committee invite applications for the appointment of a full-time organiser, salary £755 to £875 per annum plus car allowance. The organiser will work under the Committee's Hon. Medical Adviser who is also the Medical Officer of Health for Willesden. The duties include organising and developing meals service; chiropody; clubs; holidays; entertainments; visiting etc. and any other activity to serve elderly persons. Further details from the undersigned to whom applications stating age, qualifications, experience, appointments and the names of two refs should be sent to the Town Hall, Dyne Road, NW6, not later than 13 Sept. 1958. R. S. Forster, Hon. Sec.

VOCATIONAL Guidance—The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 (WELbeck 8017).

INTERESTING career offered educated woman as assistant in Confidential Records Section of Personnel Department. Attractive commencing salary with secure prospects, which might appeal to ex-Service woman. Please write to The Manager, Training & Personnel Division, The British Tabulating Machine Co., Ltd, 790 North Row, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEPUTY Superintendent for Nursery at Crowborough, Sussex. Helping to run a nursery for 35 youngsters from 0-5 years calls for a woman who has a real understanding of children's needs, has administrative ability and some knowledge of domestic management. Such a person is required to fill the position of Deputy Superintendent at our Nursery situated in an attractive country house on the outskirts of Crowborough. A nursing or domestic management qualification would be an advantage. Good prospects of promotion. The salary is £535-£607 10s. according to qualifications less a deduction of £128 8s. for board, etc. The position is pensionable and comfortable quarters are provided. Annual leave entitlement—six weeks. Closing date—15 September, 1958. Application form and further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1644), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

THE British Epilepsy Association seeks an experienced social worker (m. or f.) with personality, organising capacity and public speaking ability to train for the post of General Secretary of this pioneer organisation devoted to propaganda for and the welfare of epileptics. Special experience not necessary but enthusiasm for this important work essential. Applications to British Epilepsy Association, 27 Nassau Street, Mortimer Street, London, W1.

LADY required to train in technical library of chemical engineering company. Interesting and responsible work where Science Degree would be an asset; typing an advantage. Age 21-30 single. Good salary and prospects. Pension fund. 5-day week. Apply to the Personnel Dept, Humphreys & Glasgow, Ltd, 22 Carlisle Place, SW1. VIC. 8454.

SECRETARY/Foreign correspondent, under 35, required by West-End Art Gallery. First-class French & German essential. Good salary & prospects. Permanent post. Box 2861.

SECRETARY (British) 22/35, fluent French, for Director. Salary £11-£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

TRAVEL Agency (West End) requires young man aged 18-20 for postal duties & messages to Consulates, etc. Hours 9.30-5.30 and alternate Saturdays 9.30-12.30. Starting salary £7 10s. Write Box 2868.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane (opposite Gamages) requires part-time shorthand-typist for the student training section. Good speeds essential. Hours 10 a.m.-4 p.m. or by arrangement. No Saturdays. Salary £6 5s. or pro rata. Phone for appointment. HOL. 3456, ext. 104.

CONGENIAL varied post offered to exp. Sec. Age immaterial. Hours and salary by arrangement. No Sats. 'Phone LAN. 6702.

SHORTHAND-Typist required to assist Committee Secretary. Must have good speeds and be adaptable. Age under 40. Hours 9-5.30. No Sats. Good salary. Pension Scheme. Luncheon vouchers. Write Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland St, W1. EUS. 5251

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2,000 miles to the South lies Tenerife in the Canaries. A winter holiday in southern sunshine, when you need it most. Round trips by air, 12 days including all travel and accom., etc., for only £70. Write Wings, Ltd, 48(F) Park Rd, NW1. AMB 1001.

STUDENTS Fortnight holiday in Deva, Spain. £27, incl. return rail fare & full pension. Lovely beach, comf. hotel. Dept 14 Sept. Non-students £30. Wernick, 8 The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. GUL. 4705.

LATE Season Holidays. Christmas in Majorca by air, 28 gns. Some September vacancies Spain, Portugal, Italy, India, etc. Free brochure: Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, SW3. KNI. 9788.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

'THE TUC' discussed by R. Palme Dutt; 'Salute to Paul Robeson' by William Gallacher; 'Flight From The Summit' by Quaestor, etc. In the Labour Monthly. Post-free 1s. 8d. Or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'BRITISH Road to Stalinism'—first honest, detailed report on British Communist Party. Published by Industrial Research and Information Services. At all bookshops 2s. 6d.

WHO'S the playwright of the year? Before you back your fancy, you must see how the Sept.-Oct. 'Encore' covers the field.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 31a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

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Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

8 Sept.	Rinaldo & Armida, Lac des Cygnes Act II, The Firebird.
9 & 12 Sept. (evgs) & 13 Sept. (mat. & evg)	The Sleeping Beauty.
10 Sept.	Checkmate, Agon, The Firebird.
11 Sept.	Ballet Imperial, Lac des Cygnes Act II, Checkmate.

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ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 8. Sat. 5, 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Shaw's Major Barbara.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 7 Sept.: Rex Harrison in 'The Constant Husband' (U). From 8 Sept.: 'I am a Camera' (X). From 11 Sept.: Hepburn in 'Summer Madness' (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 7 Sept., William Holden, Deborah Kerr, The Proud & the Profane (A). Blood on my Hands (A).

HOLBORN Film Soc. 11th yr. Oct., '58-Apr., '59. 1st Sun., 3rd Tu., 1st & prog. Mr Deeds. Umberto D, Lone White Sail, Rekava, Stella, Poil de Carotte, Born Yesterday, Huntley (Early News Reels). Notable shorts inc. Chaplin, Cousteau, Langdon, Massingham &c. 14 shows 17s. 6d., 7 Sun/Tu. 11s. 6d. Guests 2s. Inf. Hon. Sec., Cent. Library, 198 High Holborn, WC1. HOL. 3411.

ROYALTY Sun. 7 Sept. 7-10 Dancing. Lic. Bar. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. Adm. 5s. inc. refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions for homes and offices from all good printsellers. Illustrated catalogue with supplement 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the 'Sunday Pictorial'. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. Daily (except Sundays) 10 to 7. Admission 1s., children (under 16) 6d. Until 30 September.

THE Waddington Galleries. Daryl Hill: Recent Paintings. Kenneth Mahood: Gouaches. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One (GERrard 3529). African Batiks by Susanne Wenger.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Continuation of Summer Exhibition 1958 and Original Drawings & Lithographs by Denis Mathews for 'A Book of Burgundy'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 25 Sept.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Adamowicz & Zangs; and sculptors of the gallery. Till 20 September. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 1-13 September. Sculpture by George Fullard, Painting by Robert Hill, Karel Lek & Padraig Macmiadhachain. 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Mayfair 4419. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II. Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10-6 daily including Sundays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 9-19 Sept. Daily 11-6, Suns 2-6. Closed Mons (Adjoins Aldgate East Stn). Preview: Recent Paintings by Seven British Artists. Exhibition organised by the British Council to tour Australian State Galleries in 1959.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost, Prov. Til 20 Sept. Adm. 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

RECENT paintings by Leslie Dyer at Everyman Cinema, Hampstead. HAM. 1525. Daily from 1 Sept.-4 Oct.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

JOINT meeting Central London Fabian Society with Society of Labour Lawyers. Gerald Gardiner, QC, 'Speed Up Law Reform' at Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, Wed. 10 Sept., 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s.

OIL and the Middle East: Stuart Hall, Farik Subeidi (Iraq), Jock Haston. NCLC, Denison House, Victoria. Sat., 6 Sept., 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Chicken sandwich & drink.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 13 September at 6 p.m. M. Guy Fournier (Alliance Française): 'Quelques grands thèmes de la littérature française contemporaine.'

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sunday, 7 Sept. 8 p.m., 'Intuition and Instinct'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda: Thurs. 11 Sept., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (i) God or the First Principle. Sun. 14 Sept., 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. Vedanta for East and West bi-monthly 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. First Autumn Public Lecture, Wed. 10 Sep., 6.30 sharp: 'Pain and Sorrow', Dr Jeanne Palmer. Beginners' Class (4 lessons on alternate Tuesdays, 6.30, open to all), starts 9 Sep. Also Saturday Group (readings & discussion, followed by tea), 13 Sep., 3 p.m., open to all. Buddhism teaches the origin and cure of suffering. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information TAT 1313.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. East and Central Africa. A short non-residential course will be held from Tuesday 23 to Friday 26 September inclusive. Lectures will be given by leading authorities on political, social and economic developments in the region. Fee five guineas. Enquiries to the Organiser of Special Courses, Tel. Number: MUS. 2023.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society week-end school 19-21 Sept., the Hallams, Hallams Heath, Shamley Green, Guildford, Surrey, on 'International Order'. Cost £2 12s. 6d. Applications to Mary Richens, 42 Wilmar Gdns, West Wickham, Kent.

SOCIOLOGY, Economics, Politics, Philosophy, Psychology, Archæology, Geography, Geology, History, Religion, Literature and the Arts, Cosmology, Biology, Atomic Physics & Radiation are among 200 evening courses at Goldsmiths' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Of special interest: Juvenile Delinquency, New Light on English History, English Architecture (R. Furneaux Jordan). Also many courses in languages, drama, music, photography, etc. Write for prospectus.

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ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524 – and in Hampstead. Intensive full/part-time Secretarial Courses start 29 September. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also modern language courses & English for Continentals.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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PEACE, comfort, good food: small Quaker 17th C. Guest House, large gdn. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

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BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944. 33 rms, 150 yards sea front. Gdns, Putting green. Garages. Superlative food. Mid-Sept. onwards 9 gns.

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